

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

Brief Index to the present Number:—Reviews: The Beauties of Wiltshire, 625; Manual of the Elements of Natural History, 626; The Life of Paul Jones, 627; The Lost Spirit, a Poem, by John Lawson, 629; The Holy War, a Vision: by John Bunyan Redivivus, 631; An Historical Account of the Secret Tribunals in Germany, 632.—Original: Country Beauties and Country Authors, London Modesty and Country Affectation, 635.—Biography: Memoir of John Britton, Esq. 636.—Original Poetry: London in September, 637; Song, 637.—Fine Arts: Designs for Ornamental Villas, 637.—The Drama: Opening of Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres, 638.—Literature and Science, 639.—The Bee, 639.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Beauties of Wiltshire, displayed in Statistical, Historical, and Descriptive Sketches; interspersed with Anecdotes of the Arts. By JOHN BRITTON, Esq. F.S.A. &c. Vol. III. 8vo. pp. 443. London, 1825.

Long intervals between the publication of parts of a work, like long pauses in conversation, are seldom an advantage; there are, however, some occasions when they may be readily excused, particularly in a work like Mr. D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, where every section is complete in itself. In the case of county histories, after the plan has been matured, the general view of the subject taken, and the details arranged, portions of them may be published in the order they are completed, the expense attending the printing of the whole lessened, and opportunity for diligent research afforded; in order, however, to keep the subscribers and the public in good humour, the several parts should appear, if not at regular periods, which might be inconvenient, yet not at such a distance from each other, as to induce a belief that the author is indolent, or that the work has been abandoned: the former charge could never certainly attach to Mr. Britton, who has laboured most abundantly and indefatigably in making the public acquainted with the architectural antiquities, topography, &c. of Great Britain; yet the publication of a third and concluding volume of a work, after the lapse of twenty-four years from the appearance of its precursors, cannot, as the author says, but excite surprise, and though—

‘A welcome deed,

It comes too late’

for many who must have sunk into the sere and yellow leaf of age, if not into the tomb, since the work was commenced.

Of Mr. Britton's talents, the public is well acquainted, and his zeal, never wanting on any occasion, receives a new zest in the work before us, since it treats of his native county, to which he has always manifested, and continues to manifest, a strong attachment. Of the preceding volumes we know little, and we are willing to take Mr. Britton's word that the one before us is much superior to its elder brethren. Twenty-four years ago Mr. Britton had but just entered the domain of literature, under all the disadvantages of a

* The longest pause in conversation we have met with, is related of an old gentleman, who, riding over Putney Bridge, asked his servant whether he preferred boiled or poached eggs? Something interrupted John's answer at the time; but, passing again over the bridge that day twelve months, he had no sooner reached the point of interrogation, than he bawled out, ‘Poached, sir.’

VOL. VI.

limited and neglected education, the drudgery of an apprenticeship, and the thousand ills young authors are heirs to; now he is a veteran in experience, if not in age, and, availing himself of the opportunities, reading, research, and investigation, have supplied, he presents us with a very interesting account of a considerable portion of Wiltshire, and thus concludes the history of a county hitherto so neglected by the antiquary and the topographer.

In the preface, Mr. Britton gives a biographical memoir of his own life, which will be found in a subsequent page; he then proceeds to his history, of which, however, it is not our intention to give any connected account, but to notice some of the most interesting subjects. In the church of Garsdon, a village about two miles east of Malmesbury,

‘The church plate belonging to this parish consists of a silver (gallon) flaggon, two silver (quart) chalices, and a silver salver. Upon each is engraved, “This was given to Garsdon Church, by the Lady Pargiter; she was formerly the wife of Sir Laurence Washington, who both lie buried here.” The fate of this donation has been rather remarkable, and may therefore be noticed. The plate, for many years, had been kept in a box deposited in a lumber closet in the old mansion. There was an idle tale told in the village, that a ghost had formerly been laid in the box. This story was, perhaps, as useful as a double lock; since a superstitious dread of disturbing the ghost effectually deterred many from indulging their curiosity, by scrutinizing the contents of the box. Having understood, from an old man, that many years back it was reported there was some communion plate at the great house, the clergyman took an opportunity to make inquiry about it. To the utter surprise of the people of the house, on opening the lid of the box (for the first time, perhaps, for upwards of a century), instead of seeing a ghost jump out, this valuable service of tarnished plate presented itself; and it was immediately taken to the vicarage-house.’

Malmesbury, of the town and church of which Mr. Britton gives a good account, is celebrated for the eminent literary persons it produced, from the historian Williams to the more humble Mary Chandler, an English poet, who was born here in 1687:—

‘She was the daughter of the Rev. Henry Chandler, a dissenting divine, and being bred a milliner, she settled at Bath, where she carried on business for many years. In her childhood she displayed a strong partiality for poetry, which is said to have been excited by the perusal of Herbert's poems at a very early age. As she grew older, she improved

her talents by the study of the best English writers; and at length ventured on poetical composition. She published several pieces, one of which, upon “Bath,” passed through several editions, and was praised by Pope, who made her a visit. She was also distinguished by the friendly notice of the Countess of Hertford and by Mrs. Rowe. This lady was deformed in her person, a circumstance which induced her to refuse the matrimonial offers of a gentleman of large fortune. She died unmarried in 1745, after an illness of nearly two years.’

Mr. Britton appears to attend much to collecting biographical notices of eminent persons connected with Wiltshire, living or dead; among the former, we find the following notice:—

‘Bremhill is a vicarage, endowed with the great tithes, the present incumbent of which is the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles, the popular author of *The Spirit of Discovery*, *Sonnets*, and other Poems. The gardens at Bremhill are tastefully laid out and decorated with great diversity; in different parts of them are poetical inscriptions from the pen of the proprietor. Most of these may be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1815; the following, not among the number, is inscribed on an old yew-tree, terminating one of the walks, with a view of the churchyard, a dial immediately in front, and commanding a great extent of country:—

‘INSCRIPTION.

‘There rest the village dead, and there too I,
When yonder dial points the hour, must lie.
Look round—the distant prospect is displayed
Like life's fair landscape, mark'd with light
and shade!’

Stranger, in peace pursue thy onward road,
But ne'er forget thy long, thy last abode.

W. L. B.

In the account of Castle Combe, we are told:—

‘It was anciently noted for a custom, once generally practised, but now discontinued:—The inhabitants used to meet annually, about Whitsuntide, at what was termed a church-ale, to distribute alms to the indigent, and to make merry. Near the church was a house, furnished with the utensils requisite for dressing victuals. After a sober entertainment, the younger individuals of the party amused themselves with dancing, bowling, and shooting with the long-bow at a mark, under the inspection of their seniors. Aubrey, who mentions this custom, supposed it to have originated from the agapæ or love feasts of the primitive Christians. From the contributions at such meetings, and the produce of the boxes for alms placed in churches, the poor were chiefly supported before the institution of parochial rates.’

In noting the church of Bromham, Mr. Britton says:—

'Here is an inscription to Henry Season, who was a native of Bromham, and who, from an humble situation of life, raised himself to distinction in the annals of fame. The son of a weaver, and brought up to his father's business, he attained sufficient medical and mathematical knowledge to enable him to compose an almanack, and to gain reputation among his neighbours as a physician. He appears to have procured from a Scotch university the diploma of M. D., and, thus furnished, he obtained a great number of patients, some of whom came from a considerable distance. It is a circumstance less to his credit, that he also professed to be acquainted with astrology, a species of pseudoscience which at least added to his fortune, as his advice for the recovery of stolen goods and strayed lovers was perhaps as often required, and more generously rewarded, than his prescriptions for the restoration of health. He resided in a small house by himself till he reached the advanced age of eighty-two, and died November 10, 1775.'

(To be continued.)

A Manual of the Elements of Natural History.

By J. F. BLUMENBACH, Professor of the University of Gottingen, Aulic Counsellor, F.R.S., &c. &c. &c. Translated from the Tenth German Edition, by R. F. GORE, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. 8vo. pp. 415. London, 1825. Simpkin and Marshall.

A WORK now in its tenth edition, and which has been translated into various foreign languages, can scarcely become the subject of just criticism, public opinion having so strongly decided in its favour; yet as it now appears for the first time in English, a notice of it may be deemed acceptable.

The object of this manual, for it does not profess to be a systematic work, is 'to present an intelligible view of natural history at large, as well as of its philosophy; and from amongst the infinite number of individual objects to include so many of the most interesting and most generally useful as are suitable to the limits of a work intended more particularly as a text book to academical prælections.' In regard to the names invented by modern writers, to distinguish genera and species, Professor Blumenbach has generally preserved those which are best known, only correcting them for others more suitable when they conveyed an incorrect idea. He says:—

'Thus, for instance, I have restored to the armadilloes their original name, tatu, as being generally known, and long since adopted by classical zoologists; whilst, by a strange error, these nearly hairless creatures had been designated by the term dasyphus (hairy-footed); a name which the ancient Greeks had, in strict conformity with nature, assigned to the hare genus. For similar reasons, I call the splendid nephrite, from New Zealand, punammu-stone, its native name, under which it was first brought to us from our antipodes, in preference to the more modern one, axestone; because, in the great collec-

tions of South Sea curiosities here and in London, I find hooks and other implements, but not axes, manufactured from this stone by the New Zealanders. So, also, I have called that species of the bat genus, vampire, which really sucks the blood of sleeping animals; whilst Linnaeus, on the contrary applied this name to the Roussette, which never sucks blood, and lives exclusively on fruits.'

Professor Blumenbach divides his work into twelve sections; in the first he treats of natural bodies in general, and of their division into the three kingdoms organic and inorganic of animals, plants, and minerals. The second section treats of organized bodies in general: and the next nine chapters are devoted to animals in general, their distinct species of mammalia, birds, amphibia, fishes, insects, and worms. The last three sections relate to plants and minerals; all these subjects are treated of in a scientific and yet a familiar manner, and the translator, who is aware that the nature of the work affords no opportunity for ornament, has only studied clearness and utility, and in this he has succeeded; he has preserved the German localities of the various minerals described,—as to have the English ones would not only have materially increased the size of the work, but have rendered an alteration in the arrangement necessary. A work of this sort is by no means favourable for quotation, and, even valuable as it may be in itself, can scarcely be judged of by detached parts; some of the extracts that we can make, will, however, we think, prove of a sufficiently interesting character. Professor Blumenbach is a great advocate for the division of natural bodies into three kingdoms, and defends it against all objections. He says:—

'Many have admitted the distinction between organized and inorganic bodies, but have denied the existence of any well defined limits between animals and planets.

'Others have carried the favourite metaphor of gradation, in the creation, to such an extent, as to exclude the division of nature into kingdoms.

'As to the first, what often happens with respect to objects of experience should not be forgotten, namely, that it is easier to know things as they really exist, than to discover and to indicate their distinctive characters. Thus Linnaeus said—"Nullum characterem hactenus erueré potui, unde Homo a Simia internoscatur."—Now I believe, that in this very work I have established such characters, by means of which man can be unerringly distinguished from the most anthropomorphous ape, as well as from all other mammifera. But even without them, it is to be hoped that no naturalist would incur any risk, *in praxi*, of confounding a man with an ape. Still more, creatures, from very different classes have frequently remarkable and unexpected resemblances to each other, without on that account, doing away with the indisputable differences between the classes to which they belong. For example, animals are very correctly divided into warm-blooded and cold-blooded; with equal propriety mammifera are reckoned among the former, and insects

among the latter; yet it is not, on that account less true that bees, in their hive, are, beyond comparison, warmer than a hedgehog during his hybernation. So, also, there are genera in the class vermes such as that of sepia (cuttle fish), which differ from other animals of that class, and are very similar to fishes. But no one will conclude, that therefore the separation of the class pisces from the class vermes should be rejected. With as little propriety can the animal and vegetable kingdoms be confounded together, merely because a certain similarity of certain plants to certain animals, has been remarked. Of this kind are the singular motions of several *mimosæ*, of the *ledysarum gyrans*, &c., which, remarkable as they may be, do not, in any respect, assume the character of animality which has been already laid down. As little of the character of vegetability have the resemblances of the arm-polypi with plants. These polypi are animals, which, alike with man and the oyster, impelled by hunger, introduce food into their mouths by voluntary motions, a thing which does not take place in any plant in the known creation.'

The other objections he answers equally satisfactorily. In treating of the causes of growth and degeneration in organized bodies, the professor says:—

'Among the many causes of degeneration, the principal are the influence of climate and of food; and in man and animals, the mode of life.

'A cold climate, for example, interrupts the growth of organized bodies; hence the Greenlanders, Laplanders, &c., together with the animals and plants of cold regions, are small and short. So, also, this climate gives a white colour to its animals and plants; for the same reason, the northern nations have white skins, &c., many animals of cold regions anomalous white hair and feathers, many plants anomalous white blossoms, &c. On the other hand, Creoles, i. e. whites born in the East and West Indies, of European parents, bear the mark of their southern origin in a manner that cannot be mistaken.

'We witness the most evident specimens of the power of different modes of life, culture, and food, to change, by degrees, the form, colour, and entire constitution of organized bodies, in our domestic animals, our grain, our fruits, garden plants, and flowers, but above all, in the human species itself.

'These various causes of degeneration may, according to circumstances, either mutually co-operate, and thus render the deviation more rapid and more remarkable, or they may, to a certain extent, act in opposition to the other; hence, in the one, application of the principles to individual cases, we must guard against forming an opinion too decidedly.

Remark 1st. Thus there are, even under the line, cold districts, as the interior of Sumatra, &c. Siberia, on the other hand, produces many plants of warm climates, which do not appear in much more southerly regions of Europe.

'Remark 2d. The peculiar effect which some climates produce on organized bodies, particularly animals, is very singular. In Sy-

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ria, for example, the cats, rabbits, and goats, have extraordinarily long white hair; in Corsica, the horses and dogs are spotted in a peculiar manner; in Guinea, the men, dogs, and fowls, become Negroes in their different ways.

Some animals have certain parts of their body reproduced, such as the casting of horns, the moulting of birds, &c.; this is ordinary reproduction:—

'The other kind is the extraordinary, to which I allude more particularly, and by means of which, especially among animals, wounds, fractures, &c., are cured; and parts which have been accidentally mutilated or destroyed, are regenerated. This power is but limited in man, and in the animals most closely related to him; on the contrary, in many cold-blooded animals, particularly water-newts, crabs, snails, earth-worms, sea-anemones, sea-stars, arm-polypi, it exists in great strength and perfection.

'Remark. Many years ago I extirpated almost the whole eye of a water-newt of the larger kind (*Iacerta palustris*), and which I still preserve in spirits; all the humours were evacuated, and four-fifths of the membranes cut away; notwithstanding which, within ten months a perfect new eyewas formed, with cornea, pupil, lens, &c., and only differing from the eye on the other side, in being about half its size.'

This experiment, if performed, in England, would infallibly bring down on the operator, the vengeance of Mr. Martin, the orator of the animal race, as Anacharsis Cloots was of the human race. Some animals, it is generally known, pass a considerable part of the year in a deep sleep:—

'When this time arrives, they creep into secure sheltered places, become torpid as the cold increases, and awake only under the cheering influence of the sun in spring. This torpidity is so complete, that warm-blooded animals, during their death-like sleep, retain a barely perceptible degree of heat (see Remarks to § 4, above), and that the pupæ of many insects, which undergo metamorphoses at that time, are in winter so thoroughly frozen as to ring like glass or icicles, when allowed to drop on the ground, and yet without any injury to the torpid animal within.'

No birds are known to have a winter sleep. Professor Blumenbach adopts the Linnæan system, in arranging the animal kingdom into six classes, but he has formed a more natural system of mammifera, founded on the general habits, and organs of motion. In treating of the first order, bimanus—man with two hands, the professor says,—

'There is but one species of the genus man; and all people of every time and every climate with which we are acquainted, may have originated from one common stock. All national differences in the form and colour of the human body are not more remarkable nor more inconceivable than those by which varieties of so many other organized bodies, and particularly of domestic animals, arise, as it were, under our eyes. All these differences, too, run so insensibly, by so many shades and transitions, one into the other, that it is impossible to separate them by any but very

arbitrary limits. I conceive, however, that the whole human species may be most conveniently divided into the following five races:—

'1. THE CAUCASIAN RACE.

(*Abbild. Nat. Hist. Gegenst. Tab. 3 and 51.*) Colour more or less white, with florid cheeks; hair long, soft, and brown (running on the one hand into white, on the other into black); according to the European ideas of beauty, the form of the face and skull most perfect. It includes all the Europeans, with the exception of the Laplanders; the western Asiatics on this side the Ob, the Caspian Sea, and the Ganges; lastly, the northern Africans; altogether, the inhabitants of the world known by the ancient Grecians and Romans.

'2. THE MONGOLIAN RACE.

(*Abbild. Nat. Hist. Gegenst. Tab. 1.*) Mostly of a pale yellow (sometimes like a boiled quince, or dried lemon-peel); with scanty, harsh, black hair; with half-closed, and apparently tumid eyelids; a flat face, and lateral projections of the cheek-bones. This race includes the remaining Asiatics, excepting the Malays; in Europe, the Laplanders; and, in North America, the Esquimaux, extending from Bhering's Strait to Labrador.

'3. THE ETHIOPIAN RACE.

(*Abbild. Nat. Hist. Gegenst. Tab. 5.*) Black in a greater or less degree; with black frizzly hair; jaw projecting forwards; thick lips and flat nose. Composed of the remaining Africans, viz. the Negroes who pass into the Moors by means of the Foulahs, in the same manner as other varieties merge into one another, in consequence of their intercourse with a neighbouring people.

'4. THE AMERICAN RACE.

(*Abbild. Nat. Hist. Gegenst. Tab. 2.*) Mostly tan colour or cinnamon brown (sometimes like rust of iron or tarnished copper); with straight, coarse, black hair; with a wide, though not a flat face, and strongly-marked features. Comprises all the Americans, except the Esquimaux.

'5. THE MALAYAN RACE.

(*Abbild. Nat. Hist. Gegenst. Tab. 4.*) Of a brown colour, from a clear mahogany to the darkest clove or chesnut brown; with thick, black, bushy hair, a broad nose, and wide mouth. To this class belong the South Sea islanders, or inhabitants of the fifth part of the world; of the Marianne, Philippine, Molucca, and Sunda Isles, &c., with the true Malays.

'The Caucasian must, on every physiological principle, be considered as the primary or intermediate of these five principal races. The two extremes into which it has deviated are, on the one hand, the Mongolian, on the other, the Ethiopian. The other two races form transitions between them; the American, between the Caucasian and Mongolian; and the Malayan, between the Caucasian and Ethiopian.'

Our author then notices the fabled differences as to races of giants and dwarfs, men with tails, Hottentot women with natural aprons, &c., and says these can only be excused by the simple easy credulity of our ancestors.

(To be continued.)

THE LIFE OF PAUL JONES.

(Concluded from p. 612.)

THE predatory warfare carried on by Paul Jones struck terror along the English coast, so daring were his attacks. The national pride felt wounded at finding one of the finest frigates of the British navy captured close to our shores, and in the sight of assembled thousands. He afterwards entered the Humber, and, after chasing a vessel to within a mile of the pier, sunk and destroyed sixteen sail of valuable vessels, which threw the whole town and neighbourhood into the utmost consternation. The terror spread, and no one knew where the vindictive fury of Jones would next fall, for vindictive it certainly was; however, the pirate could assume the man of honour, and was ambitious to show that all he did was from principle. In a letter to the Marquis de la Fayette, after vindicating himself from a charge of not loving France, he gives the following as his political profession:—

'I am a citizen of the world, totally unfettered by the little mean distinctions of country or of climate, which diminish or set bounds to the benevolence of the heart. Impelled by principles of gratitude or philanthropy, I drew my sword at the beginning of the American revolution; and when France so nobly espoused that great cause, no individual felt the obligation with truer gratitude than myself. When the court of France soon after invited me to remain for a time in Europe, I considered myself as highly honoured by the application that was made to the American commissioners. Since that time I have been at every instant, and I still am, ready to do my utmost, for the good of the common cause of France and America. As an American officer, and as a man, I affectionately love and respect the character and nation of France, and hope the alliance with America may last for ever. I owe the greatest obligation to the generous praises of the French nation on my past conduct, and shall be happy to merit future favour. I greatly love and esteem his most Christian majesty, as the great ally of America, the best of kings and the amiable friend and protector of the rights of human nature; therefore he has very few of his own subjects who would bleed in his present cause with greater freedom than myself, and none who are more disinterested. At the same time I lament the calamities of war, and wish, above all things, for an honourable, happy, and lasting peace. My fortune is not augmented by the part I have hitherto acted in the Revolution (although I have had frequent opportunities of acquiring riches), and I pledge myself to the worthy part of mankind, that my future conduct in the war shall not forfeit their good opinion.'

In the spring of 1780, Paul Jones proceeded to Paris, where his extreme vanity was flattered by the attentions paid to him:—

'At all public places at which he appeared, the audience immediately rose, he was followed by crowds in all the promenades, and was the hero of every song and every fashion. The chief nobility loaded him with invitations, and by the especial desire of the

king he was immediately introduced at court. He was presented by his majesty with a superb sword, "which would have done honour to the greatest admiral in history." The costly weapon bore this inscription: "VIN-DICATI MARIS LUDOVICUS XVI. REMUNE-RATOR STRENUO VINDICI." M. de Sartine transmitted him a letter, expressing, in his majesty's name, his entire approbation of his conduct, and assuring him of his particular personal esteem; and means were taken to obtain the permission of Congress, to invest the conqueror of the *Serapis* with the cross and institution of military merit. This last was an honour which had never before been conferred on any man, who had not actually served in the army or navy of the kingdom.

Jones, as his biographer truly says, was 'a republican merely by accident, and should have lived in a land of courtesies and crosses.' His brain was half turned with the honours showered on him in Paris; and his passion for love was equal to his desire for fame,—he was in love with every woman in Paris. His attachments were as wild and as romantic as his exploits. With him, 'woman was not a toy to waste some idle hours on, but a superior existence, for whom man was born an honoured slave. Her wildest caprice was, in him, law, and her most improbable declaration absolute authority.' Such devotion must have been very acceptable to the French fair, and he was no doubt a favourite. Jones, however, was often seriously in love with women he had never seen. He had formed an attachment for '*la belle comtesse*,' as he styled Lady Selkirk in his letters, and yet he had never seen this accomplished peeress:—

'Jones's pen, moreover, was that "of a ready writer," and his love letters were almost irresistible. His verses, also, were not contemptible, although he appears to have been occasionally hard put to it, for I find some very good stanzas with double lines, making them "pass current" both in America and France; such, for instance, as the following: after a description of the return of Jove to Heaven, from one of his terrestrial visits, he proceeds:—

"Thus when the warrior, though no god,
Brings Freedom's standard o'er the main,
Long absent from thy bless'd abode,
Casts anchor in dear France again," &c.

This last line, which gives so extempore an air to the stanzas, as if they had actually been struck off in the roads of Groa, gives way in Virginia and Massachusetts to—

"In fair Colombia moors again."

'The verses, from which I quote this stanza, were, among other perfect specimens of Nature's workmanship, sent to a certain young and high lady of the court, who, under the name of Delia, seems to have been past all recovery.

'This lady offered all her diamonds "and effects of all kinds, which may be readily converted into cash," because she heard that Jones's crew were shut out from their prize-money. Delia was very sentimental. Her custom was to sit before her lover's "portrait for hours, bathed in tears."

'This seems to have been too much for the

commodore, who really grew alarmed, when the lady wished to follow him to America, "God! she would willingly be the lowest of his crew!"

The fame of Jones was now so great, that many members of the first families in France eagerly sought the honour of serving under him, particularly the Count de Tourneville, who offered to serve as a volunteer, 'in order that, having no fixed post, he might be everywhere.' When Jones left France, it was in April, in which he encountered a violent storm. In a letter, in which he describes it, he says, 'The English nation may hate me, but I will force them to esteem me; the word esteem here should be respect. In America, the thanks of Congress awaited him, and he was employed to superintend the construction of the American navy. In a memorial on this subject, he gives the following character of our navy, since so gloriously redeemed by our Howe, Duncan, St. Vincent, and Nelson:—

"The beginning of our (the American) navy, was so singularly small, that, I am of opinion, it has no precedent in history. Was it a proof of madness in the first corps of sea officers to have, at so critical a period, lunched out in the ocean with only two armed merchant ships, two armed brigantines, and one armed sloop, to make war against such a power as Great Britain? To be diffident is not always a proof of ignorance. I had sailed before this revolution in armed ships and frigates, yet, when I came to try my skill, I am not ashamed to own I did not find myself perfect in the duties of a first lieutenant. If midnight study and the instruction of the greatest and most learned sea officers, can have given me advantages, I am not without them. I confess, however, I have yet to learn; it is the work of many years study and experience to acquire the high degree of science necessary for a great sea officer. Cruising after merchant ships, the service in which our frigates have generally been employed, affords, I may say, no part of the knowledge necessary for conducting fleets and their operations. There is now, perhaps, as much difference between a battle between two ships, and an engagement between two fleets, as there is between a duel and a ranged battle between two armies. The English, who boast so much of their navy, never fought a ranged battle on the ocean before the war that is now ended. The battle off Ushant was, on their part, like their former ones, irregular; and Admiral Keppell could only justify himself by the example of Hawke in our remembrance, and of Russel in the last century. From that moment the English were forced to study, and to imitate, the French in their evolutions. They never gained any advantage when they had to do with equal force, and the unfortunate defeat of Count de Grasse was owing more to the unfavourable circumstances of the wind coming a-head four points at the beginning of the battle, which put his fleet into the order of echiquier when it was too late to tack, and of calm and currents afterwards, which brought on an entire disorder, than to the admiralship or even the vast superiority of Rodney, who had forty sail of the

line against thirty, and five three-deckers against one. By the account of some of the French officers, Rodney might as well have been asleep, not having made a second signal during the battle, so that every captain did as he pleased."

Jones's skill in diplomacy was as great as his naval talents, and he was employed to collect the prize-money due by the European government to the Americans. We afterwards find him, on the special invitation of the Empress Catherine, appointed to the command of a division of the Russian fleet. In his interview with the empress, the only stipulation he made, and that a very essential one in a despotic country, was, that 'he should not be condemned unheard.' In the Russian navy, Jones had little opportunity of distinguishing himself, for little honour was to be gained by a victory over the Turkish navy, however decisive. The Russians were jealous of him, and that jealousy the English laboured to keep alive. In a letter to Prince Potemkin, written from Paris in July, 1790, he thus expresses himself:—

"Circumstances, and the high rank of my enemies have deprived me of the benefits which I had dared to hope from the esteem which you had expressed for me, and which I had endeavoured to merit by my services. You know the disagreeable situation in which I was placed, but if, as I dared to believe, I have preserved your good opinion, I may still hope to see it followed by advantages, which it will be my glory to owe to you. M. Desimolin can testify to you, that my attachment to Russia, and to the great princess, who is its sovereign, has always been constant and durable; I attended to my duties, and not to my fortune. I have been wrong, and I avow it with a frankness which carries with it its own excuse: 1st. That I did not request of you a *carte-blanche*, and the absolute command of all the forces of the Liman. 2nd. To have written to your highness under feelings highly excited, on the 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ th October, 1788. These are my faults. If my enemies have wished to impute others to me, I swear before God, that they are a calumny. It only rests with me, my lord, to unmask the villany of my enemies, by publishing my journal of the operations of the campaign of Liman, with the proofs, clear as the day, and which I have in my hands. It only rests with me to prove that I directed, under your orders, all the useful operations against the Captain Pacha: that it was I who beat him on the 7th June; that it was I and the brave men I commanded, who conquered him on the 17th June, and who chased into the sands, two of his largest galleys, before our flotilla was ready to fire a single shot, and during the time a very considerable part of the force of the enemy remained at anchor immediately in rear of my squadron: that it was I who gave to General Suwarow (he had the nobleness to declare it at court before me, to the most respectable witnesses), the first project to establish the battery and breast works on the isthmus of Kimbourn, and which was of such great utility on the night of the 17—18th June: that it was I, in person, who towed, with my sloops and

other vessels nearest to took the much in gentlemen forwarded in remain in line, if I sion, shelter yourself, person, or good fortune whole of and grant it would g service of time will know the you. Tim teach you el with court of R other han and of wh cause you Ozakow, White Ru which ha the empre the echo o Vienna. lord, that swindler, upon the you prom feel myself mise, beca are a lov was the or paign of L ferior rank however, t moted or ful for the cured for thanks for June, wh June, I g complete Kimbourn enemy to precipitate der the c work whic the isthm I had the thanks, but means to have been rited rather burnt nine which wer previously "I ha to the inst I have the the second June, but rosity. I I address the 6th of adopted. the Baron

other vessels, the batteries which were the nearest to the place, the 1st July, and who took the Turkish galleys by boarding, very much in advance of our line, whilst some gentlemen who have been too highly rewarded in consequence of it, were content to remain in the rear of the struggles of our line, if I may be allowed to use the expression, sheltered from danger. You have seen, yourself, my lord, that I never valued my person, on any occasion, where I had the good fortune to act under your eye. The whole of Europe acknowledges my veracity, and grants me some military talents, which it would give me pleasure to employ in the service of Russia under your orders. The time will arrive, my lord, when you will know the exact truth of what I have told you. Time is a sovereign master. It will teach you to appreciate the man, who, loaded with your benefits, departed from the court of Russia with a memorial prepared by other hands and the enemies of your glory, and of which memorial he made no use, because your brilliant success at the taking of Oczakow, which he learned on his arrival in White Russia, gave the lie to all the horrors which had been brought forward to enrage the empress against you. You know it was the echo of another intriguer at the court of Vienna. In fine, time will teach you, my lord, that I am neither a mountebank nor a swindler, but a man, true and loyal. I rely upon the attachment and friendship which you promised me. I rely on it, because I feel myself worthy of it. I reclaim your promise, because you are just, and I know you are a lover of truth. I commanded, and was the only responsible person in the campaign of Liman, the others being only of inferior rank, or simple volunteers; and I am, however, the only one who has not been promoted or rewarded. I am extremely thankful for the order of St. Ann, which you procured for me, according to your letter of thanks for my conduct in the affair of the 7th June, which was not decisive. The 17th June, I gained, over the Captain Pacha, a complete victory, which saved Cherson and Kimbourn, the terror of which caused the enemy to lose nine vessels of war, in their precipitate flight on the following night, under the cannon of the battery and breastwork which I had caused to be erected on the isthmus of Kimbourn. On this occasion I had the honour again to receive a letter of thanks, but my enemies and rivals have found means to abuse your confidence, since they have been exclusively rewarded. They merited rather to have been punished for having burnt nine armed prizes, with their crews, which were absolutely in our power, having previously ran aground under our guns.

"I have been informed that, according to the institution of the order of St. George, I have the right to claim its decorations in the second class, for the victory of the 17th June, but I rely upon your justice and generosity. I regret, that a secret project, which I addressed to the Count du Besborodska, the 6th of June of the last year, has not been adopted. I communicated this project to the Baron de Beichler, who has promised

me to speak to you of it. I was detained in St. Petersburg until the end of August, in order to hinder me, as I have heard, from proceeding into the service of Sweden. My poor enemies, how I pity them! But for this circumstance my intention was to have presented myself at your head-quarters, in the hope to be of some utility; and the Baron de Beichler, in departing from St. Petersburg in order to join you, promised me to assure you of my devotion for the service of your department, and that I should hold myself ready to return to you the instant I was called. My conduct has not since changed, although I hold in my hand a parole for two years, and I regard eighteen months of this parole, in a time of war, more as a punishment than as a favour."

Jones did not, however, return to the Russian service; and we now come to the closing scene of his eventful life:—

'Paul Jones passed the remainder of the year 1791 at Paris in extreme ill health. The prospects of the succeeding year did not brighten. He found his friend La Fayette waging an unsuccessful struggle with that dark, unhallowed crew, the Jacobins. Jones was indeed spared from seeing "the best of kings" arraigned for imaginary crimes before an unauthorized tribunal, and his chivalric spirit was not outraged by the more pitiable tragedy that followed after. Early in the month of June, 1792, Paul Jones breathed his last at Paris. The National Assembly went into mourning on account of his death, and a deputation of their members followed his body to its grave.

'Paul Jones was short in stature and slenderly made. He was authoritative in his manner, "with a very determined air."

'That by law he was a pirate and a rebel, I shall not deny; since by the same law Washington would have been drawn and quartered, and Franklin had already been denounced as "a hoary headed traitor." But we have seen, that nothing can be more erroneous than the prevalent history of his character and fortunes. As to his moral conduct, it would seem, that few characters have been more subject to scrutiny and less to condemnation. His very faults were the consequences of feelings which possess our admiration, and his weaknesses were allied to a kindly nature. He was courageous, generous, and humane; and he appears to have been the only one in this age of revolutions, whose profession of philanthropy was not disgraced by his practice. As to his mental capacity, it cannot be denied that his was a most ardent and extraordinary genius. Born in the lowest rank of life, and deprived by his mode of existence from even the common education which every Scotchman inherits, Paul Jones was an enthusiastic student, and succeeded in forming a style which cannot be sufficiently admired for its pure and strenuous eloquence. His plans, also, were not the crude conceptions of a vigorous but untutored intellect, but the matured systems which could only have been generated by calm observation and patient study.'

That this work contains much interesting information on the subject of Jones cannot

be denied; and the materials are very valuable for a more connected memoir of this extraordinary man.

The Lost Spirit. A Poem. By JOHN LAWSON, Author of Orient Harping. 12mo. pp. 132. London, 1825. Westley.

MR. LAWSON is a poet of considerable talent and imagination; indeed, without imagination, there can be no true poetry. The poem of the *Lost Spirit*, which was, we believe, first published in Calcutta, is a very vigorous production, combining piety with poetry, exposing error, and inculcating religious truth in very forcible language. 'The errors exposed,' to quote the author's preface, 'are a contemptuous disregard of divine revelation—a restless discontent with the conduct of Divine Providence—a vague and unhallowed love of nature—and a brooding misanthropic hatred of the world. The writer had for some time wished to express his feelings on the above topics, in strong language.'

The *Lost Spirit* is founded on the melancholy death of Count Ugolino, who, contending for the sovereignty at Pisa, was betrayed by a rival, and thrown into a prison, together with his two sons and two grandsons. The Pisans secured the gates of his prison, and throwing the keys into the Arno, the count and his children perished of famine. Dante has immortalized this subject, and yet Mr. Lawson, by his manner of treating it, has made it his own. Ugolino is of course the lost spirit, and we quote that part in which, when he is seen with the head of Ruggieri, as related by Dante, he describes the mortal catastrophe:—

'In that tumultuous world

Whence thou dost roam inquisitive, there smiles

A spot of all besides the holiest still—
So thought I once, but crime hath blacken'd it.
Arno! thy waters were my infant joy,
Rushing with silent praise like living crystal
Midst the exulting show of opulent mart,
Bridges of noblest span and solemn turret,
Or ducal palace—ancient and sublime;
Thy waters saw and mourn'd my latest griefs!
Deep down in thy unruffled bosom rests
The hoary image of that tower which scowls
O'er thy steel-polished stream—how reverend
once,

The idol of my boyhood! Mortal, hark!
Let thy last curse be on that spot! Mark thou
That heritage of darkness! Wane! Be blasted!
If ban of mine have power on earth, to hurt
With drop malign of busiest potency
Curdling the hot blood of Italian hearts
To fear and cowardice. Time, time shall prove
Such hate prophetic, and shall pour the scorn
Of long posterity, upon the land
Once fairest, foulest now, and damn'd! O
man!

But hear my woes, and I will cease to curse;
I will appear of human mould and mind
And sympathy again. Thou fearful one,
Hark, I adjure thee! There a prisoner, I
In that black tower did howl in pining death,
I and my boys—aye, there's the burning bite—
My boys, so fair, so sweet of countenance,
So innocent, the solace of my soul!
I said, O let them yet remain to bless
The light of day; to see the glorious sun
Roll in the heavens, the life of all that lives!
I cried, O spare my boys! no guilt have they,

No more than hath the pure moon's new-born light!

Let me alone, a poor worn man, descend
This dungeon, for my days are few and
wretched!
Spare my sweet children!

'But that prayer was lost!
Now tremble not, thou man yet mortal! Hear
A horrid spirit's guilt. Some crazy fire
Then seem'd to light the frenzy of my soul.
'Twas a deep gnawing curse, a rancorous flame
Kindled from restless hell. About my heart
The demon influence did creep, and scorch
With damning power, rejecting every thought
Of Him, the great controller of all things
Adverse or prosperous—who ordereth well
Each gloomy chastisement. Dark Providence
I did despise, and with blasphemous voice
Revil'd, impugning her behests, and spurn'd
Her solemn arbitrations: for my soul
Scath'd and repugnant, could ill brook the
storm

Rolling to devastate her dearest hopes.
How could I tamely say, "Thy will be done;
O thou that liv'st above," unless my spirit,
Proud in its stormy vigour, crouching never,
Had cower'd to seek in base hypocrisy
Guilt deadlier far than the tempestuous war
Of wounded feeling? The turbulence of hell
Was nobler to my mind. Thou righteous One,
For righteous still art thou, contending thus
With him, the frailest of thy workmanship;
Ignoble though I am, because of dust,
Yet of high thought and purpose, far too high
Meekly to stoop beneath the rod. O break!
Break! for I cannot bend. My scoffing soul
Unwonted to the prudence of submission,
Heedless of ruin, dares to question thee
With murmuring petulance, and drive thy
wrath

Back to the hand that hurl'd it from above,
And with dark strife, demand the reason why
Thy thunder-scaring terrors are abroad?
Why thy keen vengeance marks so poor a
wretch,
And strikes but not destroys? If other prayer
Pray I, 'tis this:—

"O let the curse of God,
If there be curse of thine, unheard, unknown,
Reserved for man, or howling fiend, or whom
Omniscient purity detects of guilt
Malignant most, of all who fell from heaven,
Or sinn'd on earth, or groan'd in deepest hell;
More horrible than aught thy sleeping thunders
E'er woke t' inflict, or than thy searching flames
Did ever brand withal, or than thine hate
Eternal ever did employ to warp,
To wither, and to smite with living death,—
O let that wreaking torment leap convuls'd
With flight and flame and thunder on his heart
To plague my adversary!" I have done.
That was the mildest curse my lips implor'd
For Ruggieri.

'Thus on the cold earth
Prostrate, and clenching the green bladed grass
Bright in the sun, in fervency of prayer
My impious soul did vent her agonies,
Like some pale lonely man, most melancholy
Champing the iron scourge. Ah! then I wept
In very wrath, while standing on the threshold
Between the light and darkness, chain'd and
bare.

My boys were noble. Not one simple tear
Fell from their broad blue eyes, as round they
look'd,
And saw the blessed sky, then unappall'd
Hail'd their dark fate. The sun sat his last
beam.

The last we ever saw, to kiss my boys,
As hand in hand they downward went. His
light

Did seem with a delaying loveliness
To dwell upon their forms, as loathe to part
With beauty such as it should see no more.
The lingering farewell glance did smile upon
Their snowy shoulders plump and fresh with
life—

One moment rested on their golden locks—
The next, as with reproving lightning, gleam'd
Upon their sacrilegious chains—and then
'Twas all oblivion. One deep dreary chamber
Receiv'd the sire, the sons. A thousand peals,
Did roll with long reverberating moan,
When the door clash'd which shut me from the
world:

'Twas the last sound my mortal ears did hear,
Save the low wailings of our prison woes.—
O I could hear the bounding palpitation
Of my sick heart, so shocking was the silence.
Long, long did my hot soul with sullen
strength

Bear the dread punishment, nor utterance give
To sigh or sound!

'My sinewy limbs were stretch'd
With cramping tension, like some bronzed fi-
gure

Of the vex'd lunatic, whose upward hands
Would grasp the silver moon; for as I look'd
Despairing, yet in supplicating posture,
I thought I saw the light—the time-worn wall
Befriended me—it was the light of night!
Frantic, I howl'd my long complaint. "O
moon,

Walking in brightness, liberty is thine!
Through the pure heavens thou art a pilgrim
still.

The midnight hosts do light their holy flames,
Rejoicing in the freedom of the skies.
Free, O pale sojourner, art thou, although
Vicissitude may chequer still thy course—
Though as a scudding ship thy crescent bark
Be tost on tempests of white-skirted clouds;
Or, though thy stately march, when from the
east

Slowly thou com'st to receive the profound ho-
mage

Of their fair skies blazing with regent gold,
At thine approach to spread a cloudy carpet,
Greeting thy holy footsteps, wanderer pale!
Blessed art thou, for liberty is bliss!
O dost thou look with pity still on me,
Me, miserable man? Then let thy ray,
If aught of thee so fair can smite with blight,
Palsy my whirling brain, that I may prowl
Abroad where thy enchanting fields do shine,
And watch with morbid thought thy wane, and
drink

Thy gushing light; for I will dwell with thee,
And wander up and down thy sky-built moun-
tains,

Laughing amid their ever-changing forms,
More bless'd in sad distraction, than to know
My dismal doom." Thus did I wail unheard.

This extract would stamp Mr. Lawson as
a poet of considerable abilities, and we might
select many passages equally beautiful and
spirited.

*A Lecture on the Origin, Progress, and Pre-
sent State of Shipping, Navigation, and
Commerce.* By CHARLES POPE, Esq.
8vo. pp. 37. London, 1825. Baldwin
and Co.

As commerce is rapidly extending, and the
principles on which it is, or ought to be, con-
ducted, are becoming better known, it of course

increases in interest, though it has always,
among sensible men and good governments,
been considered of the highest importance.
Voltaire, after stating that he knew of no na-
tion that had enriched itself by its victories,
observed, that England was impoverished by
war, however successful, and that she owed
all her grandeur to commerce. Not all, cer-
tainly, for England stood high, very high,
when commerce had done little for her; she
had even conquered France without much
revenue from commerce, yet we perfectly
agree with the poet Thomson, that—

'Commerce first brought into the public walk
The busy merchant; the big warehouse,
Rais'd the strong built crane, choaked up the
loaded street
With foreign plenty.'

When commerce really had its origin, it
would be difficult to say, since it is, prob-
ably, nearly as ancient as the world itself:
it first, no doubt, consisted in the exchange
of the necessities, and afterwards extended to
the luxuries of life. In the early stages of
commerce, it must have wholly consisted
in barter, though it is now so much extended,
that without consulting the books of the Cust-
om House, we may learn, that it stretches its
Argus eyes and Briarean arms everywhere.

The Lecture of Mr. Pope, who, from his
official situation and attention to the subject,
is very intimately acquainted with the com-
merce of the country, was read before the
Bristol Philosophical and Literary Society, in
February last. It contains a brief and rapid
but interesting view of the origin and pro-
gress of shipping, with an account of the
new laws for regulating our commercial in-
tercourse with other countries. The subject
may, perhaps, appears somewhat dry, but
Mr. Pope has ingeniously rendered it very
interesting; so much so, that we shall ven-
ture on an extract of some length, with con-
fidence:—

'The first idea of a ship is given us in sa-
cred history. We are there told that "God
commanded Noah to make an ark of gopher
wood, and to pitch it within and without
with pitch." From the apocryphal authority
of Sanchoniatho we learn, that Ousous, one
of the most ancient of the Phœnician heroes,
took a tree which was half burnt, cut off its
branches, and was the first who ventured to
expose himself on the waters after the gene-
ral deluge. Of the authenticity of this, how-
ever, there is some doubt. All the certain
information we possess respecting the Phœ-
nician ships is, that they had two sorts, one
for commercial, the other for warlike, pur-
poses.

'According to Herodotus, the Egyptian
ships were made of thorns twisted together,
and their sails of rush mats. Conjecture,
however, as well as history, warrants us in
believing that rafts were the most ancient
mode of conveyance on the water; and even
in the time of Pliny they were extensively
employed, especially in the navigation of riv-
ers. Boats formed of slender rods or hur-
dles, and covered with skins, seem also to
have preceded the canoe or vessel made of a
single piece of timber.

To a native of Lydia, the Greeks ascribe

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the invention of boats of planks. Among some nations, leather was the only material used in the formation of ships. Even in the time of Cæsar, the Veneti, a people of Brittany, made their sails of hides and their tackle of thongs. The Greeks, also, in early ages, used the common rushes of their country, and the Carthaginians the spartum or broom of Spain.

'The earliest anchors were doubtless large stones, logs of heavy wood, or any ponderous substance that might be at hand. At present, the shape of anchors is pretty nearly the same in most parts of the civilized world, and, except in a few instances, where copper is used, iron is the material employed in their construction.

'According to Diodorus, the Phœnicians, in their first voyages to Spain, having obtained more silver than their ships could safely hold, employed some of it, instead of lead, for their anchors. The cables were made of leather thongs, afterwards of rushes, the osier, the Egyptian byblus, and similar materials. The Veneti, however, used iron cables. The chain cable, therefore, of which we boast as an invention of the present day, was known to a nation of savages in Gaul so far back as the time of Cæsar. In the days of Agricola, sails were made of flax; towards the end of the first century, hemp was in common use for sails and ropes.

'It is the generally received opinion, that the Britons, at the time of the invasion by Cæsar, had no ships but such as were made of light and pliant wood, with ribs of hurdles, covered and lined with leather. They had indeed masts and sails; the sails as well as the ropes were made also of leather, consequently they could not be furled, but when requisite, were bound to the mast.

'If we give credit to poets and poetical writers, we shall find Neptune covering the Mediterranean sea with his mighty fleets, as admiral, under his father Saturn, supposed, according to Locke, to be Noah, as Neptune is to be Japheth; and to him is ascribed the first building of ships with sharp stems, or heads shod with iron or brass, to run against other ships and split them, and with towers on them for men to fight when they came to lie board and board.

'The Phœnicians, who are the same the Scriptures call the Philistines, certainly were the earliest and ablest mariners in those first ages. They made the greatest discoveries of any nation,—they planted colonies of their own in most of those countries so discovered, and settled trade and commerce in the most distant regions.

'Of comparatively little avail, however, was either trade or shipping, when the mariners durst not venture out of sight of land, lest they should be left in the trackless ocean without any certain guide to point out their course; or, as Dryden expresses it,—

'Rude as their ships was navigation then,
No useful compass or meridian known;
Coasting, they kept the land within their ken,
And knew no north but when the pole-star shone.'

'The finding out of the mariner's compass is usually ascribed to Flavio Gioia, a Neapo-

litan, about the year 1302; and hence it is, that the territory of Principato, which makes a part of the kingdom of Naples, where he was born, bears a compass for its arms. Others say, that Marcus Paulus, a Venetian, making a journey to China, brought back the discovery with him in 1260. In the embassy of Lord Macartney to the Emperor of China, this latter assertion seems to be confirmed. "It has been thought," he says, "that the needle has its chief tendency to the North Pole: but in China, the south alone is considered as containing the attractive power. The Chinese name of the compass is *ting-nan-ching*, or needle pointing to the south; and a distinguishing mark is fixed on the magnet's southern pole, as in European compasses upon the northern one."

'Anaximander, a Milesian philosopher, first invented geographical maps and sundials, about five hundred years before Christ. The fifteenth century is distinguished by the great improvements which were made in their construction.

'Sheathing of ships is, I believe, pretty generally considered to be absolutely new; but two instances of it are recorded by ancient writers. Leo Baptista Alberti, in his book of architecture, mentions that Trajan's ship was raised out of the lake of Riccia, where it had lain sunk and neglected for above thirteen hundred years,—that the pine and cypress of it had lasted most remarkably. On the outside, it was built with double planks, daubed over with green pitch, caulked with linen rags, and, over all, a sheet of lead fastened on with little copper nails. Here we have caulking and sheathing together, above sixteen hundred years ago. The other instance we find in Purchas's Pilgrims, where he gives an account of the finding of a great town, in a dock of which was a pinck of eight or ten hundred tons burden, sheathed all with iron. This was about the year 1613.

Mr. Pope pays a just tribute to the liberal policy of his Majesty's ministers, in the new regulations with respect to trade. He says:—

'In the last session of Parliament, an entirely new principle was introduced in the economy of our foreign trade, and which affects, in no slight degree, the interests of some of our staple manufactures.

'This principle is to abolish prohibitions on import, and bounties on export.

"It is time," said the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his eloquent speech on finance, "to cut the cords which tie down commerce to the earth, that she may spring aloft, unconfined and unrestricted, and shower her blessings over every part of the world."

'To the ladies in particular, it cannot be wholly unknown, that for ages, foreign silks and foreign articles of various kinds have been prohibited from being worn or used in this country.

'The manufactures of the united kingdom were expected to be almost annihilated if these prohibitions and bounties were removed. With regard to silks and linens, and to the fisheries, they have already in some cases been removed; and, although the full operation of the measure does not yet take effect, still, from the high character

which British skill and industry have attained, I think we may safely venture to affirm, in the language of our immortal Shakespeare, not less with regard to manufactures than to war.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

King John.

'The union with Ireland has wrought a great change in our commerce. Ireland, in her trade, has lately been placed upon the same footing as Great Britain. This had been partially done at the time of the union. However, the full consummation of the measure, in a commercial point of view, had not been before accomplished. It is impossible but to anticipate the most salutary results from this measure.

'A system of reciprocity in our intercourse with foreign nations, of the most liberal kind, has been recently adopted. The ships of those kingdoms that choose to avail themselves of the advantage may now enter British and Irish ports upon the same terms as ships of the united kingdom; and, on the other hand, our vessels may enter the harbours belonging to those foreign nations upon the same terms as if built and navigated by their own countrymen.

'The legislative sanction which has been given to our trade with the independent states of South America, opens a channel of great importance to us. Fresh sources of enterprise are likewise presenting themselves in Australia.

'A most useful measure is now in progress, under the able direction of Mr. Herries, one of the secretaries of the Treasury. It is to repeal all the provisions contained in the existing acts of Parliament relating to the customs and excise; and to establish, in their stead, a code of a very few laws, the enactments of which shall be methodical, perspicuous, and comprehensive.

'The laws of customs and excise amounted at one time to not less than two thousand in number. From this circumstance, from the great length of time that the present system has been established, and from the numerous alterations which have from time to time been made in it, the intended measure is obviously one of great advantage to the trade of the united kingdom; and, considering that trade to be so extensive, one also of vast benefit to the world itself.

This pamphlet, though very small, contains many curious facts, and much interesting information connected with the commerce of this country.

The Holy War, a Vision: a Poem, in Five Books. To which is added The Holy War in Prose, in Illustration of the Times, Character, and Associations which marked the First Quarter of the Nineteenth Century. Also, Men's Duties in the Present Crisis. By JOHN BUNYAN REDIVIVUS. Small 8vo. pp. 183. London, 1825. Cole.

WE would almost as soon endure John Bunyan's twelve years' imprisonment in Bedford Gaol as attempt to be his double, since he was a man not only of great zeal and genius,

but his mind was of so original and peculiar a cast, that we should at once say—

‘None but himself can be his parallel.’

The work before us is a direct and severe attack on popery, and, although in some respects it might be difficult to find a sufficient reason why a difference in religious opinions should qualify or disqualify a man for enjoying political rights, yet if we are to consider the *vox populi* as the *vox Dei*, we should say, that voice in England is decidedly against granting any further power to the Roman Catholics. Indeed, the unchanged and unchangeable character of that religion, imbibing, as it does, all the errors and all the vices of a state of society less refined and less civilized than the present, is we consider a sufficient argument against its encouragement. Popery is decidedly inimical to mental improvement, and were there no other reason for opposing it, this to us would be sufficient. With the papist ‘ignorance is bliss,’ and although he may not exactly think it ‘folly to be wise,’ yet he considers it bad policy to allow the world to become so. Among papists, nothing is gained while anything remains to be accomplished, and had they the power, we would not pledge ourselves that the fires of ‘bloody Bonner’ would not be rekindled in Smithfield—that a new massacre of St. Bartholomew (kept as a festival at the Vatican), would not take place in France, and that the Inquisition with its dungeons and its racks, would not be again in force in every country where popery or the Roman Catholic religion prevailed. That the old disposition prevails is evident enough from the papal fulminations against education, from the attempts to restore the Jesuits in France, and from the meditated re-establishment of the Inquisition in that out-cast country, Spain. The character of popery appears to have been well defined in the address of the House of Commons, in their remonstrance to King James I., in which they say, ‘It hath a restless spirit, and will strive by these gradations; if it once get but a *commencement*, it will press for a *toleration*; if that should be obtained, they must have an *equality*; from thence they will strive for a *superiority*, and will never rest till they get a subversion of the true religion:—that is, every religion but their own.’

The poem of the Holy War displays more zeal in defence of protestantism against popery than good poetry; perhaps, too, the tone is too strong for argument, though not near so violent as the philippics and rhodomontades of an O’Connell or a Shiel. The notes, however, contain many interesting facts, which are worthy of preservation. A few of these we select:—

‘The Sepolto Vivo is a convent at Rome, where, for mere jealousy or opposition to a parent’s will, wives and daughters have been sent through an order procured by bribery or malignity from the Holy Inquisition. To this perpetual prison are sent all fanatics and impostors—a place, therefore, the most fit for all the holy cheats of that fraternity.’

‘In the Santa Theresa, at Rome, the unfortunate votaries are doomed to unceasing vigils and daily fasts, penance and mortifications

in every form; and all the affections of nature, even the sweet and innocent intercourse of friends, are forbidden as the greatest crimes, while death is perpetually to be present to their thoughts. Pagans inflicted these punishments only on vestal virgins who had broken their vows, whereas papists inflict them upon the innocent! Is this religion? To be cut off from the common blessings of Heaven, and the social duties and enjoyments of life?

‘A countryman, upon hearing a sermon from a monk, on our Saviour’s casting out seven devils, imagined himself possessed, and applied to the priest for deliverance. The priest fastened the chain of an electrifying-machine round him, and pretended, by every shock, to be working his deliverance; but extorted a sum of money at every shock, till he had nearly robbed him of all he had, when he kindly pronounced his cure.’

The author of this work is a great admirer of Mr. Irving, whose loyalty and piety he eulogizes, without considering that, like the paint of some lady’s complexion in the School for Scandal, they are newly put on. It is not, however, against popery alone that our author fulminates; he is very severe against dissenters, and registers in notes a few of their peccadilloes—a very imprudent act certainly, for it would be easy, very easy, to retort against him with the clergy of the established church, were it only the *Frank* and *Free* parsons, to say nothing of others whose crimes we shall not name, or even more particularly allude to.

A prose appendix, ultra-loyal as the poem, follows: it is very vituperative against popery and radicalism, much more so, indeed, than is necessary, when the latter is extinct, and the former has so recently sustained a defeat, from which it will not speedily recover. In the enumeration of the crimes of popery, it is natural enough to find the following:—

‘If you admit Catholics to sit in the House of Peers, they will soon manage to occupy the most of the seats: “Give me,” said Cardinal Wolsey, “one foot in the king’s palace, and I will soon work in my whole body:” and when once they have gained the power of dictating laws, and compelling obedience, what may we expect, but that they will suffer none but a popish king to sit on the throne; and none but a popish priest to minister at the altar. Their ambition would never rest till they subjugated the realms; by dissimulation and complaisance, by flatteries and promises, by oaths and protestations, they would make their way to dominion, and as soon as they arrived there, the torch would be lighted to burn us as heretics, and the sword unsheathed to drink our blood. One day witnessed thousands living together in friendship, receiving and imparting the offices of hospitality, sitting down at each others tables; but the next morning, when the signal bell tolled, the dagger was drawn and plunged indiscriminately by the papists into the breasts of all their protestant neighbours, and with eighty thousand victims marked with blood was ushered in St. Bartholomew’s day. Some

persons would have us believe that the Catholic spirit is changed, that the lion has put off his fierceness and can now feed with the lamb. No! it is only the barriers of restraint which keep them quiet in their dens; were these barriers broken, it would be the lions in the Tower turned loose upon this metropolis in mid-day, sparing neither sex nor age, old men or maidens, young men or children. The massacre of Protestants on St. Bartholomew’s day, the massacres in Ireland, and lately in France, all prove that popery breathes bloodshed as much now as formerly, when this malignant system roused the bloody Mary to give to the flames Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, and Bradford. Popery tried to destroy the name of England in Ireland, by a general massacre in the reign of Charles I.; it drove thirty thousand Protestants from Saltsburg, and tortured and slew the magistrates of Thorp: and no longer since than in 1798, popery kindled and blew up into a flame a rebellion in Ireland, which massacred without mercy all Protestants, men, women, and children. Murphy, the parish priest of Kilmarnock, declared in a letter to Houston, that “great events are ripening; the first fruits must be a tincture of poison and pike in the metropolis against heretics; this is a tribunal for such opinions. We shall have an army of one hundred thousand republicans.” The Archbishop of Dublin has declared that the character of popery is unchangeable. Mr. Plowden a layman, says, “whoever thinks that modern Roman Catholics differ one iota from their predecessors, is either deceived himself or wishes to deceive others.”

There is, perhaps, an exuberance of protestant zeal in this work, which, however, may be excused, when we consider the insidious artifices of the Roman Catholic church. The appendix is valuable, from its containing the best passages of the best speeches in Parliament last sessions against popery, and the substance of a good sermon by Mr. Irving. To the Protestants in general, and to churchmen in particular, this work cannot fail of being a favourite.

AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE SECRET TRIBUNALS IN GERMANY.

FREQUENT as the allusion to the secret tribunals of Germany occurs in *Herrman of Unna*, and other novels, yet little is generally known of them in this country, and we therefore doubt not but the following account of the nature and origin of this once-powerful and extraordinary society will prove acceptable to our readers. It is translated from Veit Weber’s (*Sagen der Vorzeit*), published at Berlin:—

‘When after a war of thirty-three years, the Emperor Charles I. had subjected the Saxons to the sway of his sceptre, and compelled them to worship the cross, the conquered districts were divided by him into counties and bishoprics. On the conclusion of a peace, in the year 803, the Saxons, amongst other privileges, attained permission to retain their national laws, under the inspection of imperial judges (counts), and to be entirely exempted from the control of the

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bishops, except in spiritual matters. Several counties and bishoprics composed a delegate county (*send-grafschaft*), which was superintended by an imperial delegate (*send-graf*), whose office was to watch over the preservation of civil and ecclesiastic order, to unite the private, and often clashing interests of the counts and bishops for the emperor's service.

Invested with the power to decide in matters of appeal from the country and provincial tribunals, and to give judgment, and enforce execution in cases relating to property, personal liberty, breach of the public peace, apostacy, and transgressions committed against the church, they sat in judgment three times a-year, in an open field, when all the hereditary proprietors of the district were unexceptionally bound to appear. On these occasions, the ancient national laws of the Saxons, as well as the privileges and restrictions granted by the emperor, were discussed, the lawful sales of estates confirmed, and all illegal actions committed since the last session, reported. On these heads, the community consulted the decrees of the law, and pronounced decisive sentence, provided everything was perfectly clear, and no capital crime could be proved.

Illegal actions, at that time, were divided into such as admitted reparation, and such as did not (*ablösliche*, and *unablösliche*). The former, for instance, calumny, manslaughter, &c. might be compensated by fines, whilst the latter, treason, assassination, adultery, &c. were punished with death. In the latter class of offences were comprised, apostacy, sorcery, sacrilege, contempt of the Christian festivals, profanation of Christian tombs, and conspiracies against the worshippers of the cross. In all cases of this kind, the trial was begun in the public session, but concluded before a private or secret tribunal. The whole community, by right, should have pronounced sentence in open court upon the guilty, but the superficial knowledge which the incidental owners of hereditary estates might have of the Christian religion, rendered them incompetent to decide on the heinousness of the crime; hence, transactions of this nature were not finally decided upon in public session, and seven judges (*schöffen*) were selected from the community, to inquire, in a secret meeting, into the criminality of such transgressions, and to pronounce sentence of death, or decree the payment of a fine, as circumstances might require. In the secret meetings, also, the judges gave informations of crimes privately committed, and which were reported to them by their spies.

When the criminal, after having been summoned, appeared, and was incapable of making a satisfactory defence, he was condemned either to pay a mulct, or else was sentenced to suffer death. The latter punishment, however, was remitted, if he had previously confessed his crime to a priest, and atoned for it as required by the ecclesiastical law; whilst, in such cases, neither the priest nor judges were permitted to divulge it. The interest of Christianity, which it was the emperor's wish to recommend, rendered this

indulgence necessary to the Saxons. If, however, the accused did not appear, he was outlawed, and this sentence was communicated to the neighbouring counts, who were called by it to assist in giving it effect.

Annually a public diet was holden by the emperor's delegate, in Saxony, to inquire into the state of the Christian religion, and in what manner the magistrates had discharged their duty; as well as to compel the counts and judges to administer justice with impartiality, and to give information of such illegal acts of their countrymen, as had occurred to their knowledge. Besides this diet, he also held special (*gebotene*) sessions, in which judgment was given in matters of appeal, and against such persons as could not properly be prosecuted before the regular judges. The decrees pronounced in these sessions affected the life of the accused. Those who refused to appear, were declared to be outlawed (*verehnt*), whence, afterwards, arose the denomination of *vehmgericht*, i. e. the tribunal by which the criminal was separated from those who enjoyed the ordinary protection of the laws.

If a conclusion may be drawn from a similarity of procedure and tendency in two criminal institutions, it may be concluded, that these two had both a common origin, and that the secret tribunals of Westphalia were continuations of these secret criminal sessions, gradually changed and new moulded in conformity to circumstances and the wants of the times; although the free knights, actuated by family pride, unanimously maintained that Charles I. had instituted the secret tribunals in the same form, both external and internal, which it had in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and conferred upon them that astonishing extent of jurisdiction, which was gradually wrested from the enfeebled executive authorities.

The Westphalian secret tribunals are first mentioned as generally known in the year 1211, and recorded as having still been in force in the year 1659. They never were formally abrogated; but only lost their influence by degrees, when the sword of justice was again wielded by vigorous hands.

These Westphalian secret tribunals, at first were only designed for Westphalia, and had no jurisdiction over any other province. The extent of their jurisdiction was limited in the west by the Rhine, in the east by the Weser, in the north by Friesland and the territory of Utrecht, and in the south by the Westerwald (western forest) and Hessa. Tribunals of these secret Westphalian judges (*Freystühle*) were to be found only in the duchies of Guelders, Cleves, and Westphalia, in the principalities of Corvey and Minden, and the Landgravate of Hessen; in the counties of Bentheim, Limburg, Lippe, Mark, Ravensberg, Rechlinhausen, Rietsberg, Sayn, Waldeck, and Steinfurt; in the seignories of Gehmen, Neustädt, and Rheda, and in the territory of Dortmund, a free imperial town.

The emperor, being supreme judge of all secular courts of judicature in Germany, was also the sole creator and chief of all free tribunals.

Free countries were certain districts

comprehending several parishes, where the judges and counsellors of the secret ban administered justice, conformably to the territorial statutes. A free county generally contained several tribunals subject to the control of one master of the chair (*stuhlherr*). There masters of the chair, who uncommonly were secular or ecclesiastical princes, held their appointment by the will of the emperor, and forfeited it on deciding in matters not coming under their jurisdiction, or deviating in their decrees from the laws of the free tribunals. They appointed the free counts (*freigrafen*), who were presidents of individual tribunals of the secret ban. They were presented to the emperor for confirmation by the masters of their chair, who were made responsible for them, upon which they were invested with the royal ban, and obliged to swear fealty and obedience to the head of the empire. The latter also could punish the free counts, or deprive them of their office, occupy the seat of a free count in the tribunals, decide in matters of appeal, brought before him, inspect and reform the tribunals, and appoint the free knights (*freyschöffen*), though in the territory of Westphalia alone. He could, indeed, exercise these prerogatives only when himself was initiated; this, however, was generally done by the master of the chair of the imperial chamber of Dortmund, on the coronation of the emperor at Aix-la-Chapelle. If, however, the emperor was not initiated in the mysteries of the secret tribunals, he could demand of the judges of the secret ban no other answer to his inquiries but yes and no.

The Duke of Saxony was supreme governor and administrator of the Westphalian secret tribunals, and after the partition of the duchy of Saxony, was superseded in this function by the Archbishop of Cologne. To him also the members of the secret tribunals were obliged to swear obedience. The free counts, whom he nominated for the duchies of Engern and Westphaly, were subjected to his examination and instruction, and after being invested by the emperor with the royal ban, were not only installed by him, but made liable to be deprived of their function, at his pleasure, without being permitted to appeal.

Every master of the chair was authorized to prohibit the free counts of his tribunals, to decide in certain cases, and to grant letters of protection against the proceedings of the latter. He received of every free judge, admitted as a member of the tribunals subject to his jurisdiction, one mark of gold, if the candidate was of noble descent, if not, a mark of silver. Beside this, he also enjoyed other perquisites, amounting to a considerable sum.

The free counts (*vehmgraffen*) were required to be begotten in legal wedlock, born in Westphaly, and distinguished as free, unblemished, and respectable men in their community. They promised on oath, at their nomination, to be obedient to the emperor, the governor and the master of the chair, to discharge the duties incumbent on them as free counts, to take cognizance of no cause not coming under the jurisdiction of

the secret ban; to give to the accused every opportunity of defending himself; to initiate no one whose free and legal birth and unblemished life were not warranted as the statutes required; to promote the good of the sacred Roman empire; not to injure the countries and subjects of their superiors, unless they had lawful authority to do it, and never to oppose the reformation of the secret tribunals. They were intitled to receive thirty guilders of every free judge admitted as a member of their tribunal, and one third of all perquisites. Their persons were sacred and inviolable.

The free knights (*Freyschöffen*, *Vehm-schöffen*, *Wissende*) were required to be begotten in legal wedlock, free born, of an unimpeached character, resident in the free county, and natives of Westphaly. The number of these free knights belonging to each tribunal, never was less than seven, nor did it amount to more than eleven. Seven free knights, at least, were required to compose a plenary court (*Vollgericht*), in which the final sentence was pronounced. Knights of other tribunals were indeed permitted to be present on these occasions as visitors, but were not reckoned, nor allowed to vote. On their reception they promised, upon oath, to be faithful in discharging their functions as free knights; to give information to the secret tribunal of everything coming under its jurisdiction, perceived by themselves or reported to them by creditable persons, and not to suffer anything created betwixt heaven and earth, to divert them from the execution of their duty. They also bound themselves to promote the interest of the sacred Roman empire, and to invade the possessions of the masters of the chair and of the free courts only on legal grounds. After having taken this oath, they were not permitted to reveal even to their confessors the secrets of the tribunal, and on transgressing this law, though only in the most trifling point, were hanged without mercy. They pronounced judgment according to the statutes of the Westphalian secret tribunal, and executed it conformably to the decrees of the free courts. They knew each other by certain secret signals.

The free bailiffs (*Freyfrohnen*) performed the office of messengers, and also were required to be freemen, begotten in legal wedlock, and of an unimpeached character.

The original constitution of the secret tribunals did, however, not long continue in force, bastards and wretches of the most abandoned character being admitted. The number of free knights allowed to every tribunal, was originally limited to eleven, but in a short time in many amounted to fifty and more, who possessed not an inch of landed estate in Westphaly, and were induced by self-interest, ambition, thirst after vengeance, or other disgraceful motives, to join the association. The meeting places of the members of the secret tribunals degenerated into haunts of sanguinary banditti, who indiscriminately assassinated the innocent with the guilty. The masters of the chair being actuated by the most sordid avarice, they divided the free countries into numerous smaller seats of justice, whereby the number of

spies and secret informers naturally was increased to a most alarming degree, and numberless opportunities for fraud, imposition, and extortion were presented. Although they were originally authorized to pronounce sentence only in criminal cases, they interfered in private and domestic affairs, in order to increase their fees, and contrived to lay even counts and princes under contribution to their avarice. They vowed, on their admission, in the most solemn and awful manner, to judge with incorruptible impartiality, to regard no person, and even to be deaf to the feelings of the heart, in framing their decrees; but, on the contrary, they were swayed by selfishness, accessible to corruption, partial to their friends, prosecuted their enemies with the most rancorous malice, and prostituted their function by rendering their authority subservient to the gratification of the most brutal lust. They were deaf to the lamentations of calumniated innocence, assassinated their relations to inherit their estates, and were more dreadful to the virtuous than the midnight ruffian. A free count frequently acted at once as witness and as judge; the spy, informer, witness, and judge, were, in many instances, united in the same person; in short, the abuses which disgraced the secret tribunals, rendered them a real curse to mankind. Towards the close of the fourteenth, and in the beginning of the fifteenth century, their power in Germany rose to a most alarming degree; and we may safely maintain that the German empire at that time contained more than an hundred thousand free knights, who without either previous notice or trial executed every one who was condemned by the secret ban. Bavarians, Austrians, Franconians, and Suabians, having a demand on any one whom they could not bring to justice before the regular courts of his country, applied to the Westphalian secret tribunal, where they obtained a summons, and in case of non-appearance, a sentence, which was immediately communicated to the whole fraternity of free knights, a step by which were put in motion those hundred thousand executioners bound by the most dreadful oath to spare neither father nor mother, nor to regard the sacred ties of friendship and matrimonial love. If a free knight met a friend condemned by the secret ban, and gave him only the slightest hint to save his life by flight; all the other free knights were bound to hang him seven feet higher than any other criminal. The sentence being pronounced in the secret ban, they were obliged to put it into immediate execution, and not permitted to make the least remonstrance, though they were perfectly convinced that the devoted victim was the best of men, and innocent of the crime alleged against him. This induced almost every man of rank and power to become a member of that dreadful association, in order to be more able to be on his guard. Every prince had some free knights amongst his counsellors, and the majority of the German nobility belonged to that secret order. Even princes, for instance the Duke of Bavaria and the Margrave of Brandenburg were members of the Secret Tribunal. The Duke William of Brunswick

is reported to have said, "I must order the Duke Adolphus, of Shleswic, to be hanged, if he should come to see me, lest the free knights should hang me." It was difficult to elude the proceedings of the free knights, as they at all times contrived to steal at night, unknown and unseen, to the gates of castles, palaces, and towns, and to affix the summons of the secret tribunal. When this had been done three times, and the accused did not appear, he was condemned by the secret ban, and summoned once more to submit to the execution of the sentence, and in case of non-appearance, solemnly outlawed, when the invisible bands of free knights watched all his steps till they found an opportunity of taking away his life. When a free knight thought himself too weak to seize and hang the culprit, he was bound to pursue him till he met with some of his colleagues, who assisted him in hanging him to a tree, near the high road, and not to a gibbet, to signify thereby that they exercised a free imperial judicature throughout the whole empire, independent of all territorial tribunals. If the devoted victim made resistance, so as to compel them to poignard him; they tied the dead body to a tree, fixing the dagger over his head, to show that he had not been murdered, but executed by a free knight.

Their transactions were shrouded in the most profound concealment, and the signal by which the initiated, or knowing ones, as they called themselves, recognised each other, never could be discovered. Their secret proceedings were not permitted to be disclosed to the emperor himself, although he was supreme master of the chair. Only when he asked, has N. N. been condemned? the free knights were allowed to reply in the affirmative or negative; but when he inquired, who had been condemned by the secret ban? they were not permitted to mention any name.

The emperor or his delegate, could create free knights nowhere but on the red soil, i. e. in Westphaly, with the assistance of three or four free knights who acted as witnesses. In this they likewise resembled the free masons, and if we consider every tribunal as a lodge, and the supreme master of the chair, as the grand master of all Westphalian lodges, this comparison is rendered still more striking. The real signification of the term red soil, and the reason why it was applied to Westphaly, has not yet been traced out. The king, Wenzeslaus, had created free knights out of Westphaly, and when the emperor, Ruprecht, asked how they were treated by the regular free knights, he received the answer, they are hanged without mercy.

The emperor alone, and no other German prince, could grant a safe conduct to a person who was outlawed by the secret ban, which was a privilege which Charles the Great had reserved to himself in the Saxon capitulars. The free knights, however, maintained, it was more becoming the emperor not to grant such letters of protection at all, as he was more interested in strengthening than in weakening the power of the secret tribunals; and in this they were right, as the free counts defended the imperial authority against the encroachments of territorial jurisdiction. The Em-

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peror Sigismund took a certain Conrad of Langen, who was outlawed by the secret tribunal, in his service, in order to save his life. But the free counts continued to prosecute him, till he at last appealed to the ecclesiastical council at Basle.

Reformations of the numerous abuses which gradually had crept into the secret tribunals, were repeatedly attempted, especially in the years 1404, 1419, 1429, 1435, and 1437; but the corruption had already spread too far, and was rooted too deeply to be removed.—They were never formally abolished, and expired only by degrees.

ORIGINAL.

COUNTRY BEAUTIES AND COUNTRY AUTHORS, LONDON MODESTY, AND COUNTRY AFFECTION.

It has been urged against me, Mr. Editor, that I am too partial to the country, i. e. to country people and country manners, since no person can accuse another of admiring the fair face of Nature too much. To this charge I fear I must plead guilty, for old indeed must be that huntsman who loves not the smack of the whip. However, I am not so warped by my prejudices, in favour of the scenes in which I was born and nurtured, but that I can see some things far better managed in London, and some persons belonging to certain classes infinitely more agreeable than those of the same description in the country.

Among these, beauties and authors take the lead. Many persons may exclaim violently against this, and be ready to depict the rural fair full of innocence, artlessness, sweetness, and modesty—and so perhaps she may be, in the beginning of her career—nay, she may even preserve many of these excellent qualities, and be tolerably disagreeable, for all that, when she steps out of the charmed circle where she has been the regular standing beauty and idol at the race-balls and subscription assemblies, long enough to have forgotten that she had any other destination in the world.

It is the peculiar weakness of a beauty, that, in proportion as her attractions either fade by the touch of time, or become stale from the deficiency of novelty, she, from an unfortunate constancy, becomes more and more attached to them. Let a pretty girl come out at twenty, willing to love and be loved—to marry and settle, as her cousins have done, should she have the luck to be cried up as a beauty, and ten to one but you will find her, at thirty, still looking out for a great match, and at forty, so determined an admirer of herself, that she has made up her mind to live single, because she thinks at the bottom no man living deserves so lovely a creature; the men, of course, impute her celibacy to another cause, which may, I grant, have its operation, but this self predilection must also have its action. Only think how careful she is of her person and her reputation—how many needless fears she indulges, seeing a Tarquin in every man who approaches her, and plaguing every woman who has the misfortune to be near her with her scruples and fantasies.

Now, these characteristics by no means attach to a beauty *un peu passée* in London; she has rubbed in society too long to hold herself so privileged, and, in nineteen cases out of twenty, is content to be only an agreeable woman. But your country belle is always on the pedestal, expecting and exacting homage. When such persons come up to town, top-full of fatigues, delicacies, gentilities, and demands, and find themselves only a cipher in the great crowd, hustled by quiet girls, as it may be, much greater beauties than ever they had been—heavens! what a quandary the poor creatures are in, and how they torment us all!

Within a few days, my wife received a call from a country beauty; she was set down by a city friend, who was going to Chelsea, and we concluded would spend the day *en famille*—but 'no! she was not dressed; yet, if we would excuse her, she *would* stay.' In a few minutes, 'she believed she ought not to stay,' and 'she should put us out of the way' (country all over)—as if a woman's dinner could put anybody out of the way. Well, then, as we were so 'pressing,' she *would* stop; but 'no! it was impossible—she would come another day; she was not accustomed to sit down in her morning habiliments,' &c. Now every word of this was, in fact, a conversation with the mirror opposite to which she had placed herself, and might be rendered in English thus:—'I look very well in this bonnet, and will stay and treat these poor creatures with what they so seldom see in town. No, I won't stay; they appear very stupid. I will astonish them another day, by coming in the blaze of my charms.' Poor Mrs Oldworthy could not understand this, and thought it very odd that a person could not make up their minds on such a subject, and that they could keep a whole family waiting their fiat. But now a new evil arose; 'was it possible she could return with safety in a hackney-coach? Should she not be robbed or murdered—perhaps suffer something worse than either. She would rather walk a thousand times, but she could not walk alone. This was indeed evident; but, as I could not offer the servant at dinner-time, I rejoiced that 'I had a friend in the library who was going her way, and would be happy to'— 'Not for the world sir!—oh no, no!—how could I walk with a *strange* gentleman!—what would people think!—how could you propose such a thing!—no sir! a coach and one of the maids will be a thousand times better than such an alternative—it might ruin me.'

'So, to prevent reproach, Betty went with her in the coach;' and heartily glad was I when the great beauty of ———, who once refused a baronet, and squires and captains without end, drove off, and left us to cold soup, and over-boiled fish, for anything was better than caprice and conceit, though from a fine woman in very good preservation, with a stock of chastity and modesty so superfluous.

About a month since, a mean-looking little man presented me a letter of introduction from a friend I esteem very highly, who spoke of him as a literary man of merit, taking the

lions of London on his way to Paris. I received him with pleasure, and that simple welcome, which is, I believe, generally found sufficient to make my visitors at home in my house, but I was sorry to see this poor man (as I apprehended) oppressed with the *mal-raise honte*. We had several friends present; and I remarked, that when any one began to speak, he never failed to blush, but when he spoke himself, he recovered, and made a kind of good set speech, such as might have been printed. It was evident to us all that the man was in agitation down to his fingers' ends, that he was at once eager for a discovery, and affecting to be afraid of one. The girls thought he was come up to be married; their mother feared 'the poor soul had got the autumn disorder;' but I, having understood he was in the law, believed that he had, for the *first time*, gained a cause. At last, out bolted the grand secret; he had actually written some poems, which were printed in The Country Chronicle. This had extolled his name; and all these dreadful fidgets had arisen from the consciousness of his own greatness, contending with the innate bashfulness of his own nature. The writing-man was distressed for us; he feared that we should be overwhelmed by the proximity of such a weight of talent; next, he was shocked at our stupidity, in being at ease in his presence; then became angry that we withheld the compliments he yet blushed to receive. Poor soul! the falling of water on hot iron makes not half the hissing and fizzing of his intolerable vanity and self puffing importance, opposed by native modesty and awkwardness.

Now in London we have none of this; not only the little scribbler, but the great author, the man of genius, and the man of learning, the painter and the poet, mingle with us freely, and chat with us pleasantly, neither affecting the insolent silence of wisdom, which disdains society, nor the elaborate display of the knowledge which might astonish us. All join amicably in the 'dance of life,' and take their turns with the rest, to change sides, give hands, cross over, and figure in, without pretending to cut capers and spring over the heads of their equally-respectable, though less-gifted neighbours.

Nor is the folly of purse-proud country-folks less hateful, though less ridiculous, than that of beauties and authors; and it is lucky for us when rich men stay at home, and play great in little places. One of these wiseacres told me yesterday 'how grieved he was for the city of London, which was being now ruined by Liverpool. Our failures, sir,' said he, 'with a most sagacious shake of the head—'our failures in Lancashire have overwhelmed you.' 'Fleet ditch has swallowed the Thames,' said I. The rich man understood me not; he was calculating his own property, which was in solid stock, and perhaps amounted to half of my butcher's capital.

I have got to the end of my paper, though not of my country customers, and must therefore, for the present, say adieu!

JONATHAN OLDWORTHY.

N. B. What a glorious butt would my country author have been, with his blushes

and his pomposity—his choke-full importance and his gasping expectations, to those witty rogues of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*! Why sir, the poor devil would have been perfectly grilled. If, in my parlour, he burnt to the fingers' ends, there he would have been roasted to the bone, and certainly peppered too, by Hogg and Odoherty, who might have sung,—

'Oh there was a lawyer, with fancy so crazy,
He writ a fine book for to make him *unasy*.'
&c. &c.

BIOGRAPHY.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF JOHN BRITTON,
ESQ., F. S. A.

FEW narratives are more interesting than those of the autobiographer, but they become more especially so, when they record the eventful progress of a man from humble life and obscurity to prosperity and eminence. In this respect, Mr. Gifford's Memoir of himself stands pre-eminent: the difficulties under which he struggled, the unwearied perseverance he manifested, and the high rank in the republic of letters which he attained, seem a sort of human phenomenon, and, although this is by no means a single instance, yet it is an extraordinary one. A few ages hence, cases of this sort cannot be expected in this country, because the facilities of education are increasing so much, that it must be either the fault of parents or children if the latter are not educated.

Mr. Britton is a striking instance of what industry and perseverance may accomplish when well directed, and we are sure that a memoir of his life, written by himself, will be acceptable. It appears, in the preface to the third volume of his *History of Wiltshire*, just published. The original is at too great a length for us to copy entirely, but we have been careful to place the leading features of the Memoir in a connected form, and generally in the very words of the autobiographer. The passages marked in inverted commas, are Mr. Britton's own:—

'My native place is Kingston St. Michael, and I was born in the month of July, 1771. Of my parents, progenitors, and preceptors, or school-masters, I have nothing to boast, and very little to say; for I am not acquainted with any traits or facts relative to them which are deserving of literary record or remark. They were all, I believe, in humble stations of life, and almost unknown beyond the confines of their respective neighbourhoods. Yet I have heard my parents and their parents talk vauntingly of "great relations."

'Placed successively at four different rustic schools, I was considered to make rapid progress in such education as was then imparted, and which consisted of a mechanical, dull routine of spelling, reading, writing, and "summing," or arithmetic. I do not remember ever to have seen a book, in either of the schools, of any other description than Fenning's, Dyche's, and Dilworth's, Spelling books and Grammars, Æsop's Fables, the Bible, and two or three dictionaries.

'So completely illiterate were the "Wiltshire schools" in my boyish days (almost half

a century back), that when I was an apprentice in London, at the age of seventeen, and directed to fetch Guthrie's Geographical Grammar from the dining-room to the drawing-room, I did not understand what was meant. My master was "high enough" to possess these elegances, and was bookish, or learned enough to have a dozen or twenty volumes in his library.'

At such schools, and in such a village, in a solitary farm-house did Mr. Britton pass the first fourteen years of his life; and, he says, he never beheld a newspaper before he was of the age of fifteen, nor had he then heard of a magazine, review, or any book, except a few novels. Robinson Crusoe, the Pilgrim's Progress, and the Life of Peter the Great of Russia, bought, with half a dozen other books, for a shilling, at a sale of the household goods and effects of 'Squire White,' were among the earliest works he read, and he never dreamt that Robinson Crusoe was fictitious, or that the Pilgrim's Progress was an allegory.

When Mr. Britton was about the age of fourteen, his father 'had conducted business for many years as a baker and maltster, had kept a country shop, and was respected as an honest and upright man. For some years all appeared prosperous and happy; but the family increasing to ten children, necessarily augmented cares and expenses—rivals in business subtracted from the usual profits of trade; an unfortunate connection with a miller, who might be truly called a "rogue in grain," without a misnomer, and who sent bad flour and charged high prices, was the cause of a failure in business, and consequent ruin; loss of credit occasioned a loss of the mental faculties in my father, and he became insensible to the hopes and fears of life, and at length sank into the grave. His distressed widow struggled for some time afterwards, to provide for herself and four of the youngest children; but her constitution and life fell under the weight of her anxieties. A sister, about sixteen years of age only, was left in charge of a house, a small business, and two younger brothers. She is described to have acted with singular prudence and industry, till a relation came to the house, and offered her protection and assistance. Instead of which, however, he lived for some time on the residue of the property, and then left the orphans to poverty and to the parish.'

About the age of fourteen (we presume fifteen, for a youth could not remain long in town without seeing a newspaper) Mr. Britton came to town to an uncle, a man, strict, harsh, and passionate; he was a Hillier, and 'ungovernable' passion, bordering on insanity, was the characteristic affliction of nearly all the family of the Hilliers. In my boyhood I often saw battles between my grandfather and grandmother, these with their children, and the latter with "one another." Throwing missile and dangerous weapons at each other, swearing in the most vehement and vulgar manner, and hurling hatchets, pitchforks, stones, &c., at horses, cows, calves, and other animals, were incidents of almost every day occurrence.'

This uncle apprenticed his nephew to a wine-merchant for six years, where, confined to a cellar, the porters learned as much as himself, and had wages to boot. Here his health was impaired, and he read a book of works on surgery and medicine, and, as a necessary sequel, Dodd's *Reflections on Death*. He afterwards read the works of Smollett, Fielding, and Sterne. It was not, however, until Mr. Britton had reached his twentieth year, that he became acquainted with any literary person. Mr. B. says:—

'I fortunately became acquainted, in my morning walks, with a person who was wholly employed in, and obtained a very respectable livelihood by, painting the figures, &c. on watch faces. He was fond of books, had purchased many volumes, and as his business did not require any exertion of thought, he could listen to the reading of others, or enter into conversation, without discontinuing his usual occupation. This person was my first, and principal, or, indeed, my only mentor and guide. He lent and bought me books, and gave me useful and judicious advice. His name is Essex: he is yet living, and, I hope, happy, for he was an industrious and well-informed man.'

'At Mr. Essex's shop I became acquainted with Dr. Towers and Mr. Brayley; and to the latter gentleman I am more indebted for literary acquirements, and literary practice, than to any other person. He, however, was artied to a mechanical trade, but was neither so much nor so irksomely occupied as myself. He read with avidity, and early evinced literary talents both in prose and verse. It is a curious fact, that we entered into "partnership" to publish a single ballad or song, which was written by Mr. Brayley, and intitled "The Guinea Pig." It was allusive to the passing of an act to levy one guinea per head on every person who used hair-powder. Though ridiculous in the extreme,—for so the author himself characterizes it, as a poetical effort,—it was printed on "a fine wire-wove paper,"—a novelty in this class of literature, and charged "one penny." Many thousands were sold; for, notwithstanding that this song was "entered at Stationers' Hall," one Evans, a noted printer of ballads in Long Lane, pirated our property, and his itinerant retailers of poetry and music hawked and sung it all over the metropolis. Whilst the sale was yet rife, Evans declared that he had sold upwards of seventy thousand copies. A choice paper impression of this ballad, which has a wood-cut, from one of Bewick's pigs, at the top, will be sought for as an "extra rare" curiosity, by some confirmed Bibliomaniac, at no remote period. Strange as it may appear, it may be safely affirmed that to this junction and circumstance are to be attributed the Beauties of Wiltshire, the Beauties of England and Wales, the Architectural and Cathedral Antiquities, the History, &c. of Westminster Abbey, as well as all the other works that have been jointly and separately written by us.'

Mr. Britton pays a warm tribute to his friend, Mr. Brayley, who well deserves it, for he is a very modest and a very amiable man

Mr. Britton was in a... through... there pro... Wales, a... considerat... quities foll... a host of c... chitecture... country, b... lic is well... works whi... the author... Rees's Cy... topograph... Annual R... any means... but certai... from obsc... teresting.

OR

Now na... And eve... Save sla... And ran... And Lon... Infects a... Endange... Fly from... Whilst t... Dire nec... The spot... Whose r... And riot... Is gloom... The hous... The very... Nay, wh... To swall... Where y... Throug... Not one... To meet... Old Ruf... And sile... Grateful... By verbo... Nor slam... Disturbs... Save wh... To fume... The 'Cha... Are ther... Or faggi... The smo... The pot-... With mi... But the l... Debate, s... Is vacan... A bustlin... Have qu... To kill th... A few sh... Shall Ple... The merc... He dare... And trad... His histo... Another... Shall Na... Seek hap... From cro

Mr. Britton's first effort, as a topographer, was in a pedestrian tour, with Mr. Brayley, through North Wales, Cheshire, &c. He there projected the Beauties of England and Wales, a work of very unequal, but still of considerable merit. The Architectural Antiquities followed, and they were succeeded by a host of other works, connected with the architecture, antiquities, and topography of the country, by Mr. Britton, with which the public is well acquainted. Independent of the works which bear Mr. Britton's name, he is the author of the topographical antiquities in Rees's Cyclopædia and the critical notices of topographical works in Aikins's dry and dull Annual Review. Mr. Britton does not by any means amplify the latter part of his life, but certainly that which traces his progress from obscurity to eminence, is the most interesting.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LONDON IN SEPTEMBER.

Now nature wears her russet gown,
And every soul has quitted town,
Save slaves, like me, condemn'd to stay,
And rant by night, or toil by day;
And London looks as when disease
Infects a town, and every breeze
Endangers life, and all who can
Fly from the crowded haunts of man,
Whilst those who tarry seem to say,
Dire need alone compels our stay.

The spot where fashion's tribes resorted,
Whose revel wassailed, hoily sported,
And riot din'd from noon till morn,
Is gloomy, solitary, torn.
The houses closed, the streets deserted,
The very — themselves departed.
Nay, where July saw crowds repair,
To swallow dust and call it air,
Where young apprentice belle and beau,
Throng'd both to see and form the show,
Not one bedizen'd fool displays
To meet the casual passers gaze.

Old Rufus halls are freed from din,
And silent, too, is Lincoln's Inn;
Grateful release from barb'rous squabble,
By verbose, humming, mutt'ring rabble;
Nor slamming door, nor hurrying tread,
Disturbs the silence, deep, and dead,
Save when a fretful client comes
To fume at law or bore its suns.

The 'Change itself is thin, for few
Are there, save wealth, adorning Jew,
Or fagging partner, bound to seek
The smoke of London twice a-week.

The pot-house tap-room still resounds
With mirth and music marring sounds;
But the best parlour, free from smoke,
Debate, song, tale, or pilfered joke,
Is vacant; those who gave, I ween,
A bustling humour to the scene,
Have quitted smoke and toil awhile,
To kill the time on Thanet's isle.

A few short months, and fashion's crew,
Shall Pleasure's irksome chase renew;
The merchant's toil, that wealth produce,
He dare not spend, and cannot use,
And trader wear his life away,
His history held within a day.

Another year, and who remain,
Shall Nature's beauties woo again,
Seek happiness in every spot,
From crowded town to lonely grot,

Range o'er the valley, plain, and hill,
Visit the ocean, lake, or rill,
Explore the beach to pick up shells,
Affect the swain in rural dells;
Enmesh the river's scaly brood,
Shout to the pack or beat the wood;
Exchange excursive schemes, but who
Will strive to model life anew,
His passions cure desire's control,
And seek for bliss in change of soul.

NOTER.

SONG.

THOUGH sad, I left thee, gentle maid,
I can but think, where'er I rove;
On burning sand—in green wood shade,
That thou should'st still have been my love.
I feel too deep—I see too plain
My vanish'd joy can ne'er return;
I know, too well, that hope is vain,
And thus I mourn, and thus I mourn.

The summer bird may wing his flight,
Where other eyes all bright may be;
But where I go is darkest night,
No eye can now beam kind on me,
My heart is sad, my cheek is wan;
No face but Sorrow's now I see,
My every hope, my peace is gone—
Ah! maid belov'd—they went with thee.

L. R. J.

FINE ARTS.

SOME time ago, we were exceedingly struck by the appearance of a fine engraving done on steel by Lupton, from a magnificent drawing of the Eddystone Lighthouse by Turner, and, on stepping into Cooke's very interesting exhibition-room, in Soho Square, a few days ago, we had the great pleasure of seeing it published, with a companion print, of strongly contrasted character, a View of Margate, at sun-rise.

That Claude, in his happiest hours, never produced any thing so grand as the former, all who are well acquainted with his works, and those of Turner, will readily coincide; but when we assert that the great Italian never produced a scene so full of all the most striking beauties of nature, and the highest attributes of art as the latter, they may cavil at our assertion. We shall not, however, abate of it one iota, for never did man conceive, or represent, a sky so glorious, an expanse of water so deliciously soft, a general character of shipping, rocks, &c., so accordant with the effect intended to be produced.

We have been always enthusiastic admirers of this truly poetic painter, but of late years, we have certainly received more pleasure in contemplating the unequalled majesty and all-pervading sentiment diffused over his pictures, under the softened effect given to them by those very meritorious engravers the Messrs. Cooke, and others, among whom the present must rank very highly. The colouring, as given in these plates, has a vigour and brilliance, astonishing in effect, and, of course, perfectly inoffensive to the most fastidious eye; whilst the air, the glowing tint, the gradual suffusion of light, gladdening the wide expanse of heaven and earth, spreads over the whole scene a charm that must be seen to be conceived.

Designs for Ornamental Villas. By P. F. ROBINSON, Architect. Nos. I. to IV. London, Carpenter and Son.

THERE are few subjects more favourable for the display of architectural taste than villas and their accessories; at the same time, the frequency of their erection affords opportunities more numerous than almost any other class of buildings; for but few architects can hope to be employed on public edifices—at least, not on many. In designing a villa, too, not only is the architect much less fettered by those numerous circumstances that necessarily impede him in private houses in a town, but the building itself has not to contend with those disadvantages which tend frequently to detract from the effect of intrinsic beauty. Unless executed upon such a scale as to gain considerably by a comparison with the adjoining houses, however handsome in its general design and embellishments, a private building has almost necessarily a trivial air, and a want of sufficient importance. In a villa, the case is otherwise—added to which, a certain *recherché* elegance and beauty of detail may here be applied with greater propriety. In a street, we rather glance at the general character of a house than stop to examine minutely its individual decorations; but on the lawn before a villa we have leisure to linger on its beauties, to examine them long and repeatedly, or to criticise narrowly its defects. Here we can gaze on the structure from various points of view, and mark its appearance at different hours of the day, and under successive aspects of light and shade. In a street, it is impossible to obtain variety of outline, and we must for the most part depend for effect merely upon a single front, ornamented *en appliqué*. In an insulated house, on the contrary, we may have various masses of building, so as to produce both variety of outline and a piquant effect of shadow and of light. We do not wonder, therefore, that architects, when wishing to display their talent in design, usually select such subjects in preference, as affording them greater scope. Hence there have been, from time to time, many publications of designs for villas and garden-buildings, and yet very few have exhibited superior taste.

So very unequal, in point of merit, is the work before us, that, had we seen only the First and Fourth Numbers, we could not, with any sincerity, have complimented Mr. Robinson on his architectural talent; but, in the other two designs, we perceive much to admire and commend. So long as he confines himself to legitimate composition, he is successful, but when he attempts a style that belongs rather to the landscape-painter than the architect, he appears to us sadly to mistake the limits of his art, and, in wishing to extend them, sacrifices its true powers and its real grace. Of all the styles that could have been pitched upon for an 'ornamental' villa, surely the Swiss, every feature of which is as uncouth and homely as those of the rudest farm buildings, is the most unfortunate. It may, therefore, be some consolation to him, to know that he has only failed where no one could succeed. There is rather a coarse proverb, which says that 'it is impossible to make a silk purse

out of a sow's ear;' and it is equally so, to make, by any possible combination, anything that answers to our idea of the term villa, out of such *material*. Here we have a residence evidently intended for an opulent possessor and a numerous establishment, in a style with as much pretensions to elegance as an English barn. As we have before said, Mr. R. does not appear to discriminate sufficiently between the picturesque of architecture and the picturesque of painting. To the latter belong many objects and circumstances that in architecture are positive defects and deformities: the patched-up hovel—the moss-grown cottage, with its narrow casement and rude door—and almost every variety of rustic buildings, are picturesque;—a dilapidated building is picturesque; but shall we therefore live in dwellings constructed to look like ruins? Or shall we plant briars and brambles in our gardens and pleasure-grounds, because they are picturesque? A painter would prefer in his landscape a mendicant, in his tattered garb, or half-naked peasant children, to well-dressed gentlemen and ladies; but do we therefore mask ourselves in rags? In other words, the painter can make use of the *picturesque of deformity*: the architect, on the contrary, should confine himself to the *picturesque of beauty*. If he acts otherwise, and copies the irregularities of buildings constructed piecemeal and casually, he errs against the very first principles of art, and may justly be compared to the Chinese tailor, who made a new coat with a patch in the elbow to resemble an old one. To give to an entirely new structure the irregularity of old buildings, that have been altered and added to without any attention to architectural rules, or fitness, or propriety, is not a whit less preposterous*. In small detached out-buildings, however, such as that in the second design, a license of this nature is allowable, because they are of a class that admit of none of the beauties of design, or at least in which they may very well be dispensed with.

Having spoken thus freely of what we cannot but consider errors, we proceed to the more pleasing task of bestowing commendation on beauties. The third design, which is in the Grecian style, has considerable merit, and is, in many respects, a very happy adaptation of pure classical architecture to the purposes of a modern dwelling. The entrance front in particular is simple and graceful, and has a pleasing bold effect of light and shade; the features being few and well defined. The arrangement of the plan, too, is exceedingly good; and the apartments handsome, particularly the saloon. Yet we can-

* This is particularly the case with the design in the Fourth Number, where some of the elevations are mere random jumbles of various features; and not—as an architectural design should be—an *artistical arrangement, combination, and adaptation, of the peculiar features of the style adopted, so as to form a complete whole*: for here any feature might be taken away, or any other added, or they might be shuffled in any other way, just like a pack of cards, without affecting the design, there being neither symmetry, nor order, nor proportion, to be destroyed by such a process.

not say that we greatly approve of the panneling nor of the heavy entablature of the entrance hall. We could wish, too, that Mr. R. had bestowed a little more attention on the furniture he has introduced in his interiors; as it would have been attended with very little more trouble, and would have certainly aided the effect very considerably. The chairs in the saloon are certainly not stolen from Mr. Hope. It should be observed, though, that these plates, are rather sketches, intended to convey the principal features than finished drawings, in which all the details are carefully made out; probably, therefore, some of the blemishes we have noticed will be avoided in the building itself; for the architect informs us that this design is now erecting in Cornwall, and it affords us considerable satisfaction to know that so tasteful a specimen of architecture will be carried into effect. On comparing the different plates belonging to this design, we perceive several discrepancies between the ground-plans and drawings of the rooms, that lead us to imagine that the author had not exactly matured his plan. The design for a Palladian villa, has likewise great merit; but it does not appear to have been made so much with a view to execution as the preceding one, being on rather a too lavish scale, especially the magnificent terrace. The part with which we are most pleased is the entrance court, which is particularly beautiful, and strikes us as possessing much originality also. It is, in fact, one of the purest and most classical examples of the Italian style; or rather exhibits that style as purified from its defects. This and the terrace are the best features. With the other plates, we are not so well satisfied. In the colonnade in the hall, the intercolumns are much too wide, so as to give an air of meagreness to this part. The text of the work consists chiefly of general observations on the respective styles; without entering, as we could have wished, into much remark on the designs themselves; of the plates, which are in lithography, some are shadowed, others merely in outline, and we prefer the latter. This style of engraving is not adapted for finish, or much nicety in detail, yet is very well calculated for sketches, where those qualities can be dispensed with; and where economy is an object. We have now given our unreserved opinion of this work, as far as it is published. We can not indeed bestow upon it our unqualified praise, yet it contains some designs of merit that may be studied with advantage, and which abound in useful hints; for Mr. Robinson possesses sufficient taste, when he chooses to display it, and does not yield to capricious affectation.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

At no period since we first saw the green curtain, has the opening of the winter theatres excited less interest, than at the present time. There are many assignable causes for this apathy—the regular drama has for years been on the decline at these houses, or its place usurped by unnatural melodramas, gaudy spectacles, and idle buffooneries; the

histrionic art, too, seems on the decline, for among its professors, there are few of eminence, and even these few do not appear on the roll of either theatre. Neither Kean nor Young are engaged at the winter theatres, but their places are to be supplied or rather occupied by Mr. Booth, a bad imitator of Mr. Kean, and Mr. Warde, who, whatever he may be, is much inferior to Young. The knowledge of these facts is sufficient to damp the ardour of the few play-going people that are left, and when to these are added the circumstances that Elliston, who is always entitled to the praise of much zeal and activity, is an invalid at Margate, and that Charles Kemble has been ransacking Germany, for new monstrosities, and Paris for French fripperies and frivolities, we cannot be surprised that the season of the winter houses has commenced with languor and indifference.

DRURY LANE THEATRE opened on Saturday, and so totally unprepared was the management for the occasion, that the only things offered to the public were *Faustus* and *Raising the Wind*; the former piece had exhausted the patience of the public last season, and was performed to empty benches night after night; and the latter, though a good farce, is somewhat too stale. The house, during the recess, has been tinselled up with some new drapery and emblazonment, as we stated in our last: the power of the organ has been increased, which we scarcely know whether to consider a good or an evil omen. In the pit convenient standing-places have been made, in case, by any accident, the house should be full; and in the hall the free-list office has been removed to a more obscure place, in order that the extent of paper credit the house gives may be concealed. The only novelty at the opening was the appearance of Mr. J. Knight in the character of Mephistopheles, so well played by Terry. Mr. J. Knight is a low comedy-actor, with very little talent, and a vast deal of assurance; he has played Filch in *The Beggars' Opera*, at the Haymarket, and attempted Shylock at Covent Garden, but he certainly was

'Not the Jew
Shakspeare drew,'

for he had nothing of the Israelite but the beard and gabardine. His Mephistopheles was certainly wretched, and *Faustus* must have been the silliest idiot the world ever produced, had he been led away by such a fiend. In the farce, Harley played Jeremy Diddler with much spirit.

On Tuesday, the *Merry Wives of Windsor* was performed, in which Dowton, the only Falstaff on the stage worthy of the character, appeared as the facetious knight, into whose humour he entered with great spirit: the only novelties in the cast of the play were Mr. Horn's Fenton, which was passable, and Miss Graddon's Mrs. Ford, which she played with considerable ability.

On Thursday, *D. Freischütz*, was performed to a considerable portion of horror-loving visitors; it was followed by the *Devil to Pay*, in which Dowton and Mrs. Davison, whose return to the London boards we

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hail with pleasure, played the parts of Jobson and Nell, with admirable spirit.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE opened on Monday, with the play of *Julius Caesar*, for the purpose of introducing Mr. Warde in the character of Brutus; he has some capabilities for the stage, but they are not of the highest order; there were parts of his performance, however, which possessed considerable merit. Charles Kemble's Mark Antony is his best character, and he gave the oration over the body of Caesar, with fine effect. That senseless but gorgeous spectacle, the *Ramshottoms at Rheims* followed, and is, we presume, to be the only afterpiece, if the public will tolerate it, until the Christmas pantomime is produced.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—The opening of the winter theatres does not appear to have affected the audiences of this house, which continue highly numerous and respectable. The new opera, *Jonathan in England*, the *Bashful Man*, and the charming *Shepherd Boy*, the *chef d'œuvre* of Miss Kelly's acting, are, indeed, attractions which no other theatre at this moment presents, and it would be a libel on public taste were they not popular.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

AN ancient cuirass, in excellent preservation, was lately dug up at East Brent. There having been a Roman encampment in the immediate vicinity, it is probable that it belonged to a Roman soldier.

There have been lately presented to the Somerset and Taunton Institution, by John Quantock, Esq., three Egyptian sepulchral stones, brought from the ruins of Thebes. They consist of one sculptured stone, one painted, and one inscribed with hieroglyphical characters. The figures on these stones appear to represent the worship of Osiris.

Prisoners of War.—Fosbroke, in his *Military Antiquities* says, 'prisoners of war were anciently enslaved; the Romans placed them near the standard, cut off the hair of the principal persons, and sent it to Rome; and after following the triumph of the victor in chains, they were sold by auction. The prisoners in Ossian, immediately after defeat, are bound, and fastened to an oak, or kept in the hall. The Druids sacrificed them, and they were enslaved in this and later periods. We find them not only stripped naked before discharge (if they were discharged), but killed and absolutely skinned, or sold. Ladies were consigned to guardians. They surrendered their swords, as now, but the common mode was by delivering one of their gauntlets. The parole and comfortable residence also occur; but this treatment depended much upon the quality of the prisoner, and prospect of ransom. The Germans, contrary to the custom of other nations, used to put shackles and fetters upon their prisoners of war, in order to obtain a heavier ransom. Hence the severe treatment of our Richard I. during captivity.'

Upon skinning the prisoners, the learned author adds a note from the *Beauties of England*, which says, 'That the church of Copford in Essex, having been robbed by

the Danes, they were killed, and their skins nailed to the doors. A sort of skin thicker than parchment nailed to the doors was found. The same work says, also, concerning Hadstock, in Essex, here is a very ancient church, the north door of which is much adorned with thick bars of iron work, of an irregular form, underneath which is a sort of a skin, said to be that of a Danish king. It is nailed, on with large nails.'

The *Last of the Lairds*, or the *Life and Opinions of Malachi Mailings, Esq. of Auld-biggings*, by the author of *Annals of the Parish*, *The Entail*, &c., is in the press.

Mammoth Skeleton.—Mr. Amos Adams, while clearing a ditch through a marsh half a mile east of this village, (Lexington in the United States,) discovered parts of the skeleton of some animal of more huge dimensions than any now known to exist on that continent. The parts first discovered consisted of the teeth or grinders, which are eight in number. Those were in a high state of preservation, except the roots or parts communicating with the jaw, which were considerably carious, and in some instances broken off. The parts above the jaw present a florid appearance, not unlike that of the interior surface of a conch shell. The weight of the four largest is three pounds four ounces each, and it is presumed, that had they been entire, they would have exceeded five pounds. The shape of their upper parts oblong; their length along the jaw is six inches, and their width three inches and a half. The four smaller ones are something more than four inches in length, and in width nearly equal to the others. The grinding surface of each is studded with four rows of blunt points; a circumstance conclusive that the animal was not of the elephant species, its grinders having an even surface. Near the spot from which the teeth were taken were found the parts of the tusks in a state so shelly and brittle as not to admit of their being taken up entire. One piece was measured, and found to be four feet and two inches in length; the diameter was seven inches at the largest end, and six near the middle. Although these tusks are in a condition extremely frail, still they present a most beautiful specimen of white ivory. They were round and slightly curved.

These discoveries having sharpened the edge of curiosity, a number of gentlemen assembled for the purpose of discovering, if possible, the size of the animal, from the relative situation of different parts of the skeleton. After excavating the earth to the depth of 2½ feet, which was a vegetable mould, they came to a fine white sand. Between these two strata were found the principal bones of the animal, though some were embedded more than a foot in the sand. Their original situation had by some causes been deranged, and therefore all speculation upon their relative locality was at an end. The largest of them were raised, and, though much corroded, were capable of being measured. The thigh bone is three feet in length, and its circumference round the head twenty-five inches; circumference round the smallest part 16 inches. The leg bone, from the knee to the lower extremity, is three feet in length and six inches in diameter.

One of the shoulder blades, which is of triangular form, measured two feet two inches upon the side uniting with the back bone, and two feet each upon the remaining two. Some efforts were made to ascertain the length of a rib, but their decayed state rendered it impossible to make an admeasurement. The appearance of the bones would seem to indicate that, in their original state, they were much larger than at present, being now much wasted by decay.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Tobacco.—A council of Mexico, in 1585, orders that no priest, before the celebration of mass, should take tobacco in the form of smoking, or any other form, upon pretence of its being medicine; for so it was considered; and King James adds, that it was as such taken only by the better sort, but afterwards became a custom among the idle. It is said to have been first brought into England by Capt. R. Greenfield and Sir Francis Drake, about the year 1586, and Sir Walter Raleigh to have introduced smoking it; but though the periods of the commencement of new fashions may be generally correct, the ascription to particular authors is often erroneous. Women, as well as men, used to smoke after supper, and when the children went to school, they carried in their satchels with their books a pipe of tobacco. This their mothers took care to fill early in the morning to serve them instead of a breakfast. At an accustomed hour every one laid aside his book and lit his pipe, the master smoking with them, and teaching them how to hold their pipes. People went to bed with pipes in their mouths, a custom retained in Spain, and rose in the night to light them. Our first tobacco came from the Spanish West Indies; and in 1599, the seeds were brought to Portugal, and, in the sixteenth century, it began to be cultivated in the East Indies. It was made into four kinds, ball, leaf, cane, and pudding tobacco.

Hospitality was a strong feature in the old German character, pervading every station. The palace was crowded with guests, the tables were oppressed with abundance. An immeasurable fondness for pomp was no less prevalent. The dignity to the prince was measured by the number of his retainers and domestics. Duke Frederic of Wurtemberg appeared, at the assembly of the states, with a little army of seven hundred retainers. In the procession for the Emperor Matthias, on the day of his coronation, followed two thousand coaches, independent of three thousand cavaliers on horseback. Even nobles of inferior rank deemed it creditable, in taking half-a-day's journey, to muster a company of attendants. Although these ancient usages continued in full force, they did not prevent the introduction of new and more expensive modifications of luxury.

A Coward.—Is the man that is commonly most fierce against the coward, and labouring to take off this suspicion from himself; for the opinion of valour is a good protection to those that dare not use it. No man is valiant than he is in civil company, and where

he thinks no danger may come on it, and is the readiest man to fall upon a drawer and those that must not strike again: wonderful exceptions and choleric where he sees men are loth to give him occasion, and you cannot pacify him better than by quarrelling with him. The hotter you grow, the more temperate man is he; he protests he always honoured you, and the more you rail upon him, the more he honours you, and you threaten him at last into a very honest quiet man. The sight of a sword wounds him more sensibly than the stroke, for before that comes he is dead already. Every man is his master that dare beat him, and every man dares that knows him. And he that dare do this is the only man can do much with him; for his friend he cares not for, as a man that carries no such terror as his enemy, which for this cause only is more potent with him of the two: and men fall out with him of purpose to get courtesies from him, and be bribed again to a reconciliation. A man in whom no secret can be bound up, for the apprehension of each danger loosens him, and makes him bewray both the room and it. He is a Christian merely for fear of hell-fire; and if any religion could fright him more, would be of that.

Bonaparte's civil list amounted to 1-27th of his revenue, that of the Bourbons amounts to 1-15th.

Tulipomania.—The tulipomania in Holland was a mere stock-jobbing, under cover of an exchange of roots.

Weapons.—The earliest offensive weapon, (though the spear has been mentioned as such) appears to have been the club; from the club proceeded the mace, the battle-axe, and similar arms of percussion.

There was a church in Italy dedicated to St. Proculus. The bell of this church fell upon a young man who had been christened by the name of the saint, and killed him, and he was buried in the churchyard with this riddling epitaph:—

Si procul a Proculo Proculi campana fuisset,
Ipse foret Proculus nunc procul a Proculo.

Which was thus imitated in an epitaph on one John Bell, who died from a hurt received in ringing the bells of St John's Church:—

If John Bell had kept himself far from John's Bell,

Then John's Bell for John Bell had not rung a knell.

Running the Gauntlet.—This military punishment is the Roman fustiarium, where the tribune, armed with a light stick, struck the first blow, and the whole army followed. Among us, the offender, naked to the waist, was struck by each soldier with a switch, a serjeant holding a halberd to his breast, to prevent his going too fast, or tied up and struck by each soldier with a cat.

In 1609, Christian, elector of Saxony, defrayed for sixteen hundred guests, who, at the sound of the trumpet, saw the table covered. The elector himself remained at table six

hours, and during that time nothing was done but to contend which of the party should eat the most, and drink the longest. The custom of feasting was not confined to the great; all ranks participated in the sensual propensity, against which sumptuary laws proved wholly unavailing. In the town of Munden, in Brunswick, it was ordained that the dinner should not last above three hours, and that even a wedding-feast should not exceed twenty-four dishes, allowing ten persons to every dish.

The following epitaph was made on a miserly old fellow, named Wood:—

Sylvius hic situs est, gratis qui nil dedit unquam;

Mortuus et gratis quod legis ista dolet.

Which may be thus translated:—

Wood, when alive, gave nought for nought;
And now, as sure as fate, his

Grim ghost is grumbling in the shades,
That you should read this *gratis*.

The 'feast of fools' and 'feast of asses' originated with the Greek church about the year 990, with other religious farces, and were subsequently followed by the Latins.

Excommunication.—This existed as a religious punishment among the classical ancients and the Druids. Du Cange says, that it was formerly an anathema only. The greater excommunication separated persons from the society of believers, and participation of the sacrament. Such excommunicates were not to enter the church, or stand near it in service-time. In the lesser, the parties were not to communicate till absolved. It was a singular privilege of kings and priests, that if they took the sacrament with excommunicates the latter were immediately restored to the communion. The ceremony consisted in certain anathemas, the book at the end suddenly closed, candles thrown violently on the ground, and the bells rung with a hideous noise. The first instance of bishops carrying torches in their hands, and throwing them down, occurs in the excommunication of some murderers in Rheims, about the year 900.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning		1 o'clock Noon.		11 o'clock Night.		Barom 1 o'clock Noon.		Weather.
	8 o'clock	Morning	1 o'clock	Noon.	11 o'clock	Night.	Barom	1 o'clock	
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